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SIXPENCE.



THE DELHI DURBAR: LORD CURZON LEAVING HIS INDIAN ARTS EXHIBITION BUILDING AFTER ARRANGING FOR THE OPENING CEREMONY OF DECEMBER 30.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU.

*The Exhibition, which is the special project of the Viceroy, brings together the most representative collection ever devised of Indian arts and industries. In the course of his speech at the opening ceremony the Viceroy said: "The Exhibition is intended as an object-lesson. It is meant to show what India can still imagine and create. It is meant to show that the artistic sense is not dead among its workmen, but that all they want is a little stimulus and encouragement."*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Our Venezuelan adventure is to be peacefully argued at the Hague, and everybody hopes this will relieve us from the obligations of common action with Germany. Some people rebuke what they call the revival of anti-German feeling as expressed in Mr. Kipling's verses. Poetry is not diplomacy. When Napoleon III. was our ally, Tennyson thought it necessary to sing, "But only the devil knows what he means!" That was rude to Napoleon III.; but it was a rhetorical expression of a pretty general distrust. Mr. Kipling interprets a deeper distrust with needless vehemence. We do not regard the Germans as "Goths and Huns," but simply as an unfriendly nation, with a Government that loses few opportunities of doing us an ill turn. This judgment is based on plain facts which cannot be glossed by the cheap sentiment of letting bygones be bygones. There is no need for scolding. Public opinion in this country has manifested with quiet decision its entire disbelief in the advantages of any intimate association with German policy.

The Kaiser, as I have often presumed to remark, is a very clever man; but so is Mr. Roosevelt. He has escaped from making a precedent for American arbitration between Europe and the skittish little Republics that appeal to the ghost of Monroe when they are required to observe the comity of nations. It is a stroke of humour to send the Venezuelan affair before the Hague Tribunal; for when you subtract from the Tribunal all the interested parties, scarcely any judges will be left. Venezuela is in debt to pretty nearly the whole civilised world, and has flouted all her creditors in turn; so it will be a fine study in magnanimity to see them divesting themselves of bias for a purely judicial inquiry. If President Castro were acquainted with the works of Lewis Carroll, he might recall a celebrated trial in which it was proposed to begin by passing sentence. But as he has submitted himself to the Tribunal with becoming meekness, he may cherish a hope that the creditors will cut one another down. Moreover, as the business will last some time, he may not be called upon to pay. It may fall to his successor to break the tradition of Venezuelan finance, by which the urgent needs of the President have superseded the obligations of the State. There was a President who took his salary out of the treasury every day, and retired to Europe upon two millions sterling. He would have appreciated Thérèse Humbert.

Had that remarkable woman been a Venezuelan, she might have become Dictator of the Republic, and cozened the European financiers with a still more splendid tale than that of the Crawford millions. I like to think of her scheming to set Europe and the United States by the ears, and then submitting to the Hague Tribunal with a patriotic confidence in the justice of her cause. Even in her present state she is a sublime spectacle. Your commonplace culprit may tremble under a load of obloquy. Thérèse Humbert is bolder than Ajax: not only does she defy the lightning, but she threatens with thunderbolts all who presume to be her judges. The fabulous Crawford and his wealth; his nephews who brought suits against her; she believes in them all. Money has turned her brain; and the Paris physicians are greeting her with enthusiasm as a superb case of megalomania. She is honestly convinced that her creditors were robbers, and that some of them committed suicide to escape from justice. Her advocate will make a most eloquent appeal for the disordered genius which, in Venezuela, would have rallied a nation against the greed of tyrants.

Perhaps a time is coming when crime on the grand scale will be treated with distinguished consideration as self-delusion. Your common pickpocket may continue to suffer the usual penalty, but the criminal of genius will be comfortably quartered in honourable seclusion. Then the Thérèse Humberts will affably compare notes with ladies who believe themselves to be Catherine de Medici. Some reformers have a shorter way. They think it is society that has gone astray, not the breakers of laws; and they would have us (as one of them phrases it) "throw ourselves at the feet of brigands in a passion of love." The brigands, according to this theory, would at once abandon their irregular pastimes, and the world would enter into the Millennium. But suppose that, having possessed themselves of all the weapons, they should treat us as self-deluded, and send us to join Catherine and Thérèse? It is not only the feet of brigands that society would have to embrace. To make the experiment thorough, we should have to lie prostrate before Tolstoy's friends, the Doukhobors, who have been promenading Canadian plains in quest of some spiritual will-o'-the-wisp. They threw off the yoke of military service in Russia; but rough persuasion has imposed upon them the yoke of conventional village life in Canada. Why not forswear country, race, the guile of statecraft and social bonds, and share the visionary ecstasy of the Doukhobors?

We dream of elevating mankind by organised education; but Professor Goldwin Smith shows in the *Monthly Review* what a delusion this is. He quotes an American Professor who complains that, in the United States, popular education has not extinguished drunkenness, violence, gambling, the fallacies of patent medicines, Christian Science, and bad taste. The manners of schoolboys shock Mr. Goldwin Smith; some scholars have actually been known to organise strikes against the teachers. Parents often wonder whether the youngsters sitting round the table are really their boys, or wild young buccaneers billeted in the house. Popular education is clearly not a universal panacea for human nature. The Professor inclines to the belief that if the State had not meddled with education, manners would have been saved, also domestic servants; that we should have learned quite enough for the ordinary purposes of life, and might have left the rest to the men of genius. Did not Arkwright, Watt, and Stephenson arise when the general level of education in England was low, and certainly not scientific? Then why imagine such a vain thing as that commercial competition demands the systematic training of the national brains? In Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion this is almost as absurd as our vainglorious desire to protect our commerce and our Colonies by keeping the mastery of the seas.

From all this it would appear that we have small title to speak with compassion of the Doukhobors. Popular education, let us admit, does not ensure the highest taste in letters and the arts. The reading public, says an eminent novelist, is still "a huge infant," eager for "picture-books and stories of the marvellous." The infant at the pantomime is supposed to be content with the sacrifice of fairy tale to the incoherent patter of music-hall comedians, whose fantasy always reverts to the public-house. Educated people do not frequent the public-house; they have no idea of public-houses except that there are too many; yet at the pantomime they will listen patiently to jests which revolve around those centres of diversion. It is, I am told, the conviction of the pantomime purveyor that such entertainment is our heart's desire. It would never do to have the piece written with humour and invention, to have story, spectacle, and fun properly blended, instead of spasmodic splendour and dreary stretches of vulgarity. And yet I believe the managers who think they know their public are in error. For the transformed pantomime, instead of people desperately resolved to spend an evening somewhere, you would have them palpably animated by spontaneous interest in the whole theme. You would see no more the rows of bewildered children and stupefied parents and guardians, looking as if the music-hall comedian were sitting on their chests. This busy gentleman has absolute faith in his capacity to give a touch of airy satire to the topics of the hour. It is a melancholy delusion. The humours of the public-house do not embellish any essential fact. But the greatest delusion of all is this idea that we yearn for nothing better, that we would desert the theatre at Christmas if some comic genius were to turn the pantomime into a sparkling feast of fancy and drollery.

Strange injustice is sometimes done to this public, good-humoured and long-suffering. Mr. Cunningham Graham, in his mordant essays on city life, describes the emotions of the crowd that watches the dangerous feats of an acrobat. The chief emotion, he says, is pleasure in the man's peril; it would be a greater pleasure if he should fall. Unquestionably the danger has its fascination for the spectators; but to say that they would be still better pleased if the poor acrobat suffered injury, to compare them to the Roman populace who turned down their thumbs when the vanquished gladiator pleaded for life, indicates a singular method of observation. Most of us would testify to the movement of relief that runs through the throng when the acrobat comes off victorious. The least observant might note the suspense when a performer fails once or twice in some trick of dexterity, and the delighted applause that rewards his success at last, as if the crowd had a friendly and even fraternal interest in his welfare. We have advanced a little in humanity since the days of the Roman populace and the gladiators, despite Mr. Graham's mistrust. Progress is so startling, indeed, that a lady who rides a bicycle in a circus has won the heart which belonged for many years to all the fair who rode the bare-backed steed. Professor Goldwin Smith will not believe it (he is as conservative in this, I am sure, as in all else); but that bicycle was a living thing: it pranced, it caroled, it pawed the air, it waltzed on its hind wheel, and the rider was an image of sinuous grace all the time! I dreamt that night of Mazeppa—not bound and helpless on the back of a wild horse, but tranquilly reposing on a metallic courser that flew through space. He hung head downwards without distress; then suddenly swung himself all over the bicycle in a succession of dazzling postures, and finally stood on the handle-bars on one foot. The herald Mercury never looked so classic! I rubbed my eyes, and lo! it was not Mazeppa, but a beautiful young woman at the Hippodrome!

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

Though only two full pantomimes are to be seen in the West End this New Year, and though a few of the suburban playhouses are relying, holidays notwithstanding, on the ordinary attractions of the touring drama; still, even in London there are no signs of decline in the characteristic English entertainment of the Christmas season—that which converts a nursery legend into a topical *revue* and makes it an excuse for pictorial display and boisterous farce. Look at the enthusiasm which on Boxing Night greeted Mr. Arthur Collins's new pantomime,

## "MOTHER GOOSE," AT DRURY LANE,

enthusiasm fully deserved, for here is the happiest combination of fun and spectacle. Quite dazzling are the production's two pageants—one a procession of the wonders of "L'Art Nouveau," its ivories, bronzes, porcelains, and enamels; the other a lovely grouping of all possible varieties of that dainty flower the pansy or heartsease. But scenic effects are not allowed to rob the Lane comedians of their proper chances. Why, the mere pranks of the stage animals—donkeys, nag, and golden goose—should be the delight of countless schoolboys; while as for the owner of this curious live-stock, Mother Goose herself, is she not impersonated by that inimitable droll, Mr. Dan Leno? Never has Mr. Leno been more amusing than as the suddenly enriched Dame, who is expected, but fails to illustrate, the virtues of contentment. To watch this old lady wrestling with a motor-car, struggling with the long train of her gown, quarrelling with her features, and, above all, becoming young and beautiful, is to be beset with incessant laughter; and, pretty as are the singing and dancing of Miss Madge Lessing, infectious as is the vivacity of Miss Marie George, welcome as are the comicalities of Mr. Herbert Campbell and Mr. Fred Emney, it is Mr. Leno who is the life and soul of "Mother Goose."

Pantomime subjects are limited in number, and the same story has often to serve two or more theatres simultaneously, so we have this year

"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE HIPPODROME  
AND AT ISLINGTON.

The Hippodrome version of the old tale adheres faithfully to tradition, contains a diverting law-court skit in the trial of the hero's cat, is capably interpreted by Miss Madge Girdlestone, the Sultan; Miss Ruth Lytton, the Dick; and Mr. Fred Farien, the Cat of the occasion; and it concludes with a most beautiful and elaborate spectacular surprise, roses springing up in every direction to form the bower of Whittington's garden. The treatment supplied at the Grand, North, is appropriately enough of a more broadly comic character; and, thanks to the comic energy of Mr. R. H. Douglas, to the introduction of various clever "specialities," to a constant series of topical songs and gay dances, Mr. Robert Arthur's Islington pantomime, picturesquely mounted as it is, should be sure of local success.

THE FULHAM AND KENNINGTON "BABES  
OF THE WOOD."

provide entertainments very dissimilar save in title. Mr. Oscar Barrett has been concerned with the stage management and musical direction of the Fulham production, and the result is a refined play calculated specially to please children, as its two chief scenes, "The Animated Alphabet" and "The Toy Bazaar" might of themselves suggest, though older folk should take pleasure in the Maid Marian of Miss Lydia Flopp and the Robin Hood of Miss Millie Hylton. The Kennington librettist, on the other hand, has given his stage artists unusual scope for scenic effects, and his comedians many opportunities for furnishing boisterous fun. So that the "Babes" themselves, cleverly played by two children, are not thrust into too great prominence, and the chief features of the new Kennington "annual" are robust humour and pictorial beauty.

But the most popular theme of all at Christmas time is that of Cinderella, and so there are at least

## THREE "CINDERELLA" PANTOMIMES

being presented just now in London. The first is that which has served to open Mr. Mulholland's handsome new house, the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, and, as the piece is superbly dressed and carefully staged, and commands the services of a capable company, including Miss Millie Lindon and Miss Lulu Valli, there should be no doubt about its securing popularity. Then there is a "Cinderella" at the Crystal Palace, the heroine being represented by Miss Alice Digby, and such general favourites as Miss Billie Barlow and Mr. Charles Coburn being engaged in the cast. But besides an agreeable pantomime there is also at Sydenham a circus, with horses prancing prettily and elephants playing football and Diavolo "looping the loop," etc. A third "Cinderella" will be found at the Tivoli; it is only a forty minutes' sketch, and it is interpreted by but a small company, yet it is full of gaiety, its songs are, most of them, smart, and it makes only one "turn" in a long and capital programme.

THE PECKHAM "ALADDIN" AND THE WOOLWICH  
"CRUSOE"

remain to be considered, and both can fairly be described as very gorgeously and tastefully mounted shows. Apart from the striking scene of Aladdin's palace and its grand array of costumes, the most important thing, no doubt, for Peckham playgoers about the Crown Theatre's latest pantomime is that Miss Marie Lloyd plays the hero and introduces some of her (momentarily) famous ditties. The Grand Theatre, Woolwich, has no such "star" as Miss Lloyd, but its "Robinson Crusoe" can boast some exquisite dresses, some rollicking songs, a pretty ballet, and a good all-round set of entertainers.



The Heroic Horsemen of the Hemispheres. Cowboys, Mexican Rurales and Vaqueros, South American Gauchos, Russian Cossacks, United States Cavalry and Artillery Veterans, Indian Riflemen, Bedouins, Veteran Royal English and American Cavalry, Wild West Cowgirls, North American Indians, The Aurora Quakers.

Vividly Realistic Reproduction of the BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL, introducing Roosevelt's Rough Riders. The United States Life Savers at Work.

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY AT 2 and 8.15.

Doors open at 1 and 7 p.m., affording patrons ample time to visit the Indian Village and Stables.

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Box Office open Daily from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m. for all Seats excepting 1s. and 2s. Reserved and Box Tickets can also be secured at the Libraries,

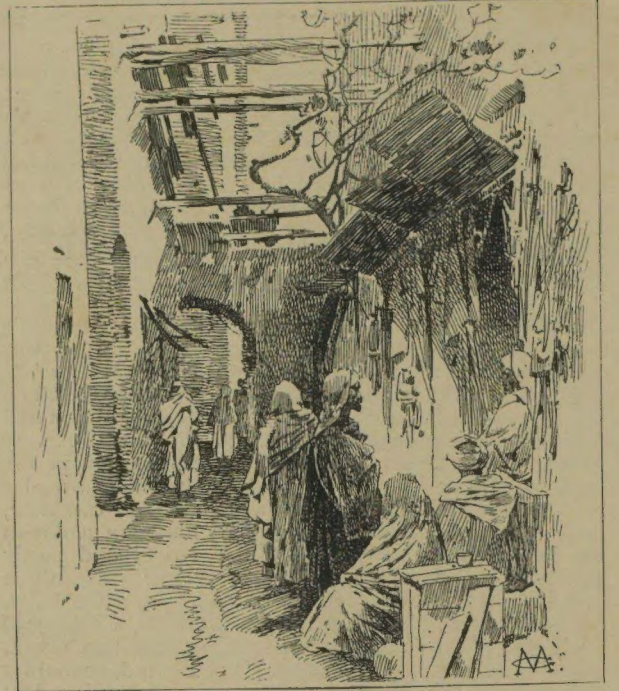


# THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: SCENES IN FEZ, THE BELEAGUERED HOLY CITY.

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD AND A. FORESTIER.



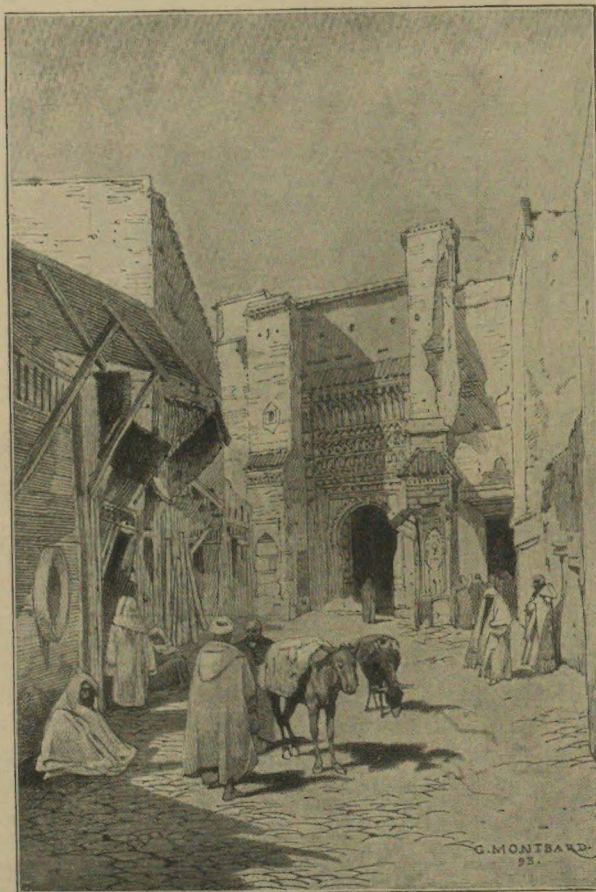
A BERBER VILLAGE NEAR FEZ.



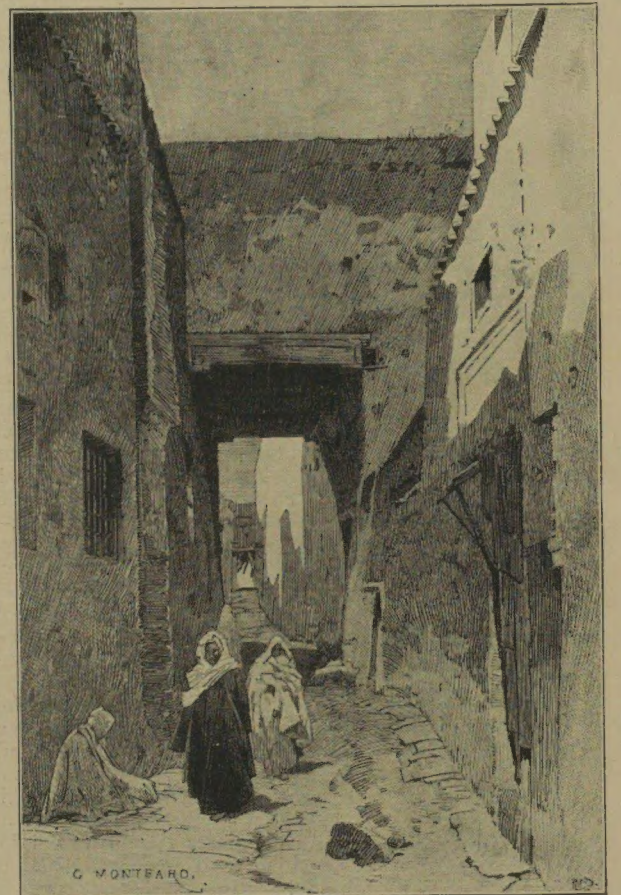
A MOORISH GUNMAKER'S SHOP.



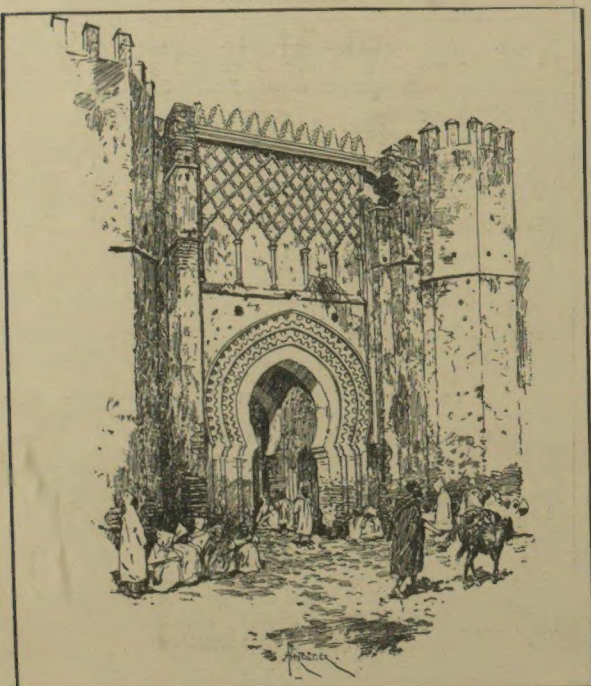
THE INTERIOR OF A FONDAK, OR MERCHANTS' COURT.



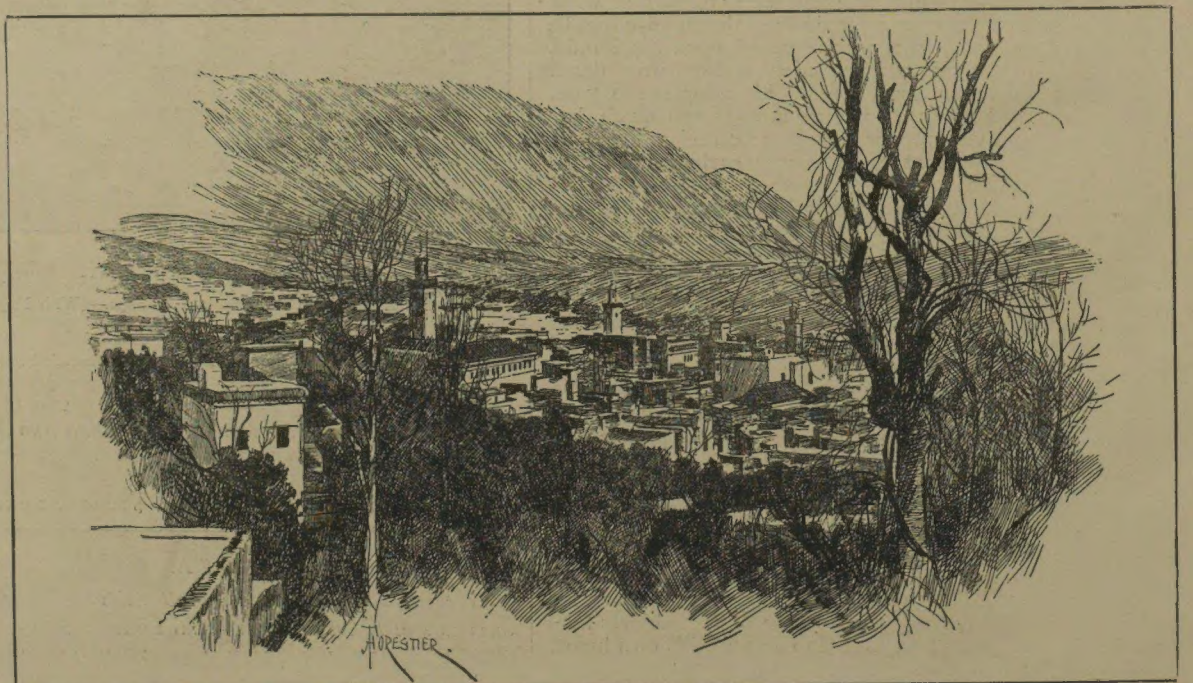
THE GATEWAY OF A FONDAK.



A STREET IN FEZ.



THE GATE OF BU JULUD.



A GENERAL VIEW OF FEZ FROM KAID MACLEAN'S TERRACE.

Fez, the holy city of Morocco, was founded by Mulai Edris the younger in 793 A.D. It is surrounded by old walls, and has an ancient fort at its eastern and western extremities. The Palace, in which the Sultan is barricaded, was built by Sidi Mohammed. Strangers are excluded from its precincts. The streets are narrow, but here and there occur small squares and the larger, fondaks built for merchants. One of these, which we illustrate, is remarkable for its beautiful gateway.



# THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO.

DRAWN BY MAURICE ROMBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MOROCCO.



THE SULTÁN'S OPERATIONS AGAINST THE REBELS: MULAI-ABDUL-AZIZ PASSING UNDER THE WALLS OF FEZ, WHERE HE IS NOW BESIEGED.

*When the situation again became acute on December 9, the Sultan barricaded himself in his Palace, and the rebels closely invested Fez.*



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE DELHI DURBAR.

The Viceroy made his state entry into Delhi on Dec. 29 amid a scene of the most extraordinary pomp and splendour. Pending the arrival of Mr. Melton Prior's sketches of the great series of ceremonials, we must reserve detailed description, but from telegraphic reports received it is evident that the occasion was of a magnificence the like of which even India, that land of pageantry, had never beheld. His Excellency Lord Curzon was accompanied in his progress by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the royal and viceregal party entered the city escorted by the Viceroy's bodyguard and the Imperial

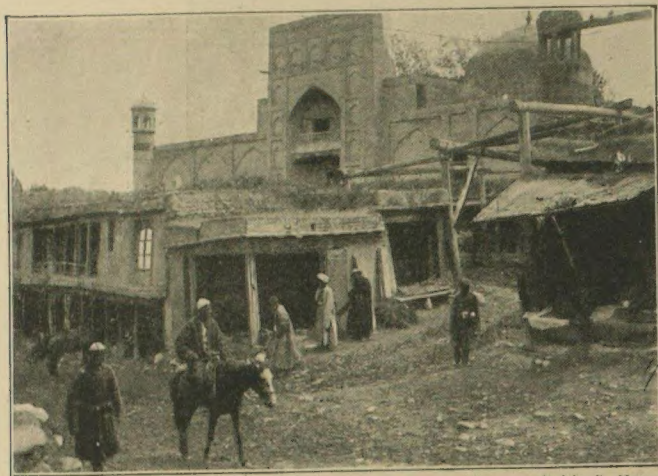


Photo. supplied by R. Hayne.

THE DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE IN ANDIJAN,  
DECEMBER 16: THE NATIVE TOWN.

The town of Andijan is four hundred years old, and has frequently been visited by earthquakes. It has not, however, been deserted, owing to the productiveness of the region. Andijan is the terminus of the Trans-Caspian Railway.

Cadet Corps, which included many young Maharajahs in magnificent uniforms. The great dignitaries rode on elephants caparisoned with the utmost Oriental splendour. They were followed by the ruling chiefs of India, similarly mounted, and the appearance of this part of the procession, which included 150 huge elephants, was avowed to have been of barbaric grandeur. The pageant passed through Delhi by way of the famous thoroughfare, the Chandni Chauk, which was gaily decorated for the occasion. At frequent intervals loyal mottoes were displayed, and the roadways were lined with crowds of sightseers. The cortège left the city by the Mori Gate, and in the plain outside, the Duke and the Viceroy took leave of each other and proceeded to their camps, entirely satisfied and delighted with the success of the spectacle.

Not the least significant accessory of the great assemblage is the Exhibition of Indian Arts, which Lord Curzon, with far-seeing and imaginative statesmanship, has organised. The collection, which is housed in a fine white building of Mogul architecture, near the famous Cashmere Gate, contains the finest art treasures of India, which has been ransacked during the past year by Dr. George Watt to discover its rarest and most beautiful products. The collection thus brought together has been arranged in four great sections: The Sales Gallery, the Loan Collection, the Jewellers' Gallery, and the Artificers' Gallery, which last is occupied by workshops in full operation. The sections are subdivided according to the various handicrafts, and the craftsmen will be permitted to sell free of commission all wares actually made within the Exhibition buildings. To the loan collection the Princes of India have contributed priceless heirlooms. The entire scheme succeeds in bringing into comprehensive view all that is most representative in the art and industry of our great Eastern possession. In devising and carrying the undertaking to completion, Lord Curzon has proved himself a modern among moderns, and the result cannot fail to give a salutary impetus to the prosperity of the great empire wherein he represents the sovereign power. Another curiously "up-to-date" action of Lord Curzon's is his finding time, amid all the cares of State and ceremonial, to superintend personally the arrangements for taking a complete biograph record of the great spectacle of New Year's Day.

## THE QUEEN'S DINNER.

The Queen's seasonable entertainment to the widows and children of soldiers who fell in South Africa was celebrated with complete success on Dec. 27 in the rooms of the Alexandra Trust, City Road. About fifteen hundred guests of her Majesty were welcomed on the Queen's behalf by Sir Thomas Lipton, who, with Sir James Gildea and Captain Wickham Legg, had borne a large part in the arrangements. Every guest on entering was refunded the expense incurred in travelling to the dinner, and at every place was found an envelope addressed: "To her Majesty's guest, Dec. 27, 1902," and containing a New Year card produced by Messrs. Raphael Tuck. The table arrangements worked with the utmost smoothness under the direction of Mr. G. C. Pearce, who was assisted by a large volunteer staff of waitresses from

various public restaurants. In addition to the excellent fare provided, each guest received a box of chocolate, the gift of Messrs. Rowntree, and every child was made happy with a toy, supplied by Messrs. Whiteley. During the dinner, Sir Thomas Lipton read a telegram from the Queen, wishing her guests a happy day and help and blessing throughout the year. A message of thanks and good wishes was at once dispatched to Sandringham in reply. After dinner, an entertainment, organised by Mr. H. E. Moss, helped to lengthen out a pleasant and memorable afternoon. To the programme a large company of distinguished artists contributed their services.

## DR. TEMPLE'S FUNERAL.

With a simplicity entirely befitting his character and life, the dead Primate was laid to rest on Dec. 27 within the Cloister Garth of Canterbury Cathedral. On the previous evening the remains were conveyed unostentatiously from Lambeth to the Cathedral City, and were placed in the Minster, where vigil was kept over them by the clergy. After early communion on the morning of the 27th the coffin was placed in the Martyrdom, as the north transept, where Becket fell, is called. When the service began at noon it was again wheeled to the foot of the choir steps. On it was placed a single wreath, the gift of the Queen. Outside the Cathedral was posted a guard-of-honour from the 1st and 5th Dragoon Guards, and within, the many-coloured hoods of the clergy lent a wonderful brilliancy to the scene and robbed it entirely of gloom. The officiating prelates were the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Dover. After the prayers, the Lesson, and the Anthem, Dr. Temple's favourite, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord," to Wesley's music, the procession left the Cathedral and moved to the Cloister Garth, where the final ceremonies were held. The Bishop of Winchester pronounced the words of committal, Dean Farrar gave the Grace, and the Archbishop of York the Benediction. The mourners then filed slowly past the graveside, and deposited many wreaths sent by public bodies and societies, religious and temperance; in which the late Primate was interested.

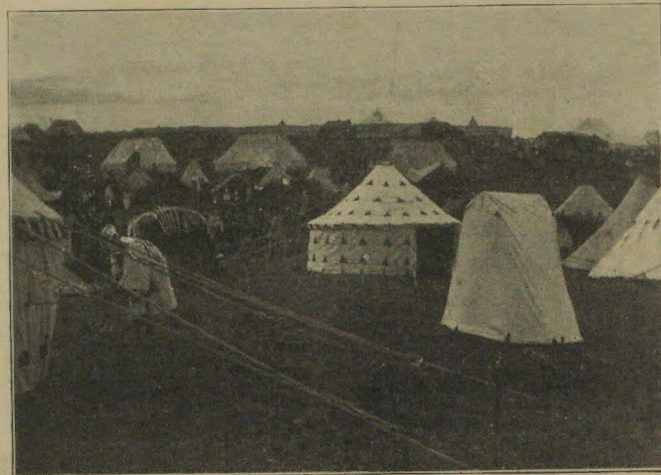
## THE EARTHQUAKE AT ANDIJAN.

The earthquake by which Andijan, the most prosperous town in the province of Ferghana, Russian Central Asia, was visited on Dec. 16, though it lasted rather less than three minutes, did tremendous damage. Fifteen thousand houses are said to have been destroyed, a hundred and fifty of the native inhabitants killed, and some three hundred injured. Until the shocks cease, double guards have been posted on the railway-line between Andijan and Fedtchenko to watch the clefts in the track caused by the subsidence of the ground.

## THE SITUATION IN MOROCCO.

The religious rising in Morocco, said to be largely due to the young Sultan's favour for Western customs, has

again become acute. About the middle of December the imperial troops at Fez, commanded by the Sultan's brother, were beaten by the insurgents, and the Sultan, Mulai-Abdul-Aziz, took the field to cope with the difficulty in person. On Dec. 29 the position became so grave that the Sultan retired into his palace at Fez with all the artillery and ammunition he could collect, and the place was strongly barricaded. The insurgents closely invested the city, and private reports which reached Madrid on Dec. 30 announced that the Sultan had tried to force his way out of the town, but had failed in the attempt. The rebels are led by a pretender named Bu-Hamara, who is a religious enthusiast and a member of the ecclesiastical Shereefian family. He is strongly supported and is not without military experience, as he formerly served in the army. His successes will, of course, strengthen his hands, and in

THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: THE SULTAN'S CAMP PITCHED  
OUTSIDE FEZ DURING HIS RECENT JOURNEY TO MEQUINEZ.

The large ornamented tent in the centre is the Sultan's. Those about it are for the harem. The photograph was taken before the Sultan's first defeat by the rebels.

official circles at Madrid the outlook was considered extremely serious, and orders were issued to the Spanish army and navy to take precautionary measures. Vessels were sent to Tangier, Malaga, Algeciras, Ceuta, and Melilla, and strong reinforcements of infantry and cavalry were dispatched to the two last-named places. The crisis may have far-reaching issues, for Great Britain, France, and Spain are all interested in the tranquillity of Morocco. Should anarchy result in Morocco, further complications might ensue, for France, as is well known, might possibly see in the distractions of that country an opportunity of advancing her cherished project of a French North Africa. That, of course, is a question on which other European Powers would have a word to say.

## VENEZUELA.

It is now definitely arranged that the Venezuelan question will be referred to the Hague Arbitration Tribunal, and President Castro is reported to be ready to make any concession that will hasten a peaceful settlement. Mr. Bowen, the United States Minister at Caracas, has been deputed to act as the direct representative of Venezuela, and he has been fully advised of all the communications that have passed between the State department of his own country and London, Berlin, and Rome. Mr. Bowen's position is peculiar, but it has been decided that there is no barrier to his acting for Venezuela, in spite of the fact that he is charged with the interests of the Allies and other European Powers in Venezuela. The United States Minister has instructions to take the matter in hand on his own account, and to prepare a protocol preliminarily to the submission of the entire case to the Hague Tribunal. He will proceed to Washington to attend the sittings of the special commission. The blockading squadrons have captured four more Venezuelan ships, and the revolutionary forces have been briskly engaged with the Government troops at Cauyarao, near Coro. President Castro has declared to the representative of a German paper that he has nothing to apologise for, a sentiment which was received with popular acclamation.

## A MAGERSFONTEIN MEMORIAL.

The memorial to the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein, which was unveiled by Lord Milner on Dec. 11, the third anniversary of the battle, was projected by the Diamond Fields Scottish Association, who have already collected over £300 for that purpose. The monument weighs eleven tons, and is placed on the highest point of the range of kopjes at Magersfontein, nineteen miles from Kimberley and seven from Modder River Station. It was found necessary to construct a special tramline 350 yards long, up which the huge mass of granite was hauled by a ten-ton crane. This difficult task was carried out by Mr. J. Liddell and Professor Orr. The greatest interest has been taken in this scheme, subscribed for by readers of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*. The military authorities have provided free all transport, and the De Beers Company lent without charge all tackle and material for the erection of the beautiful Celtic cross.

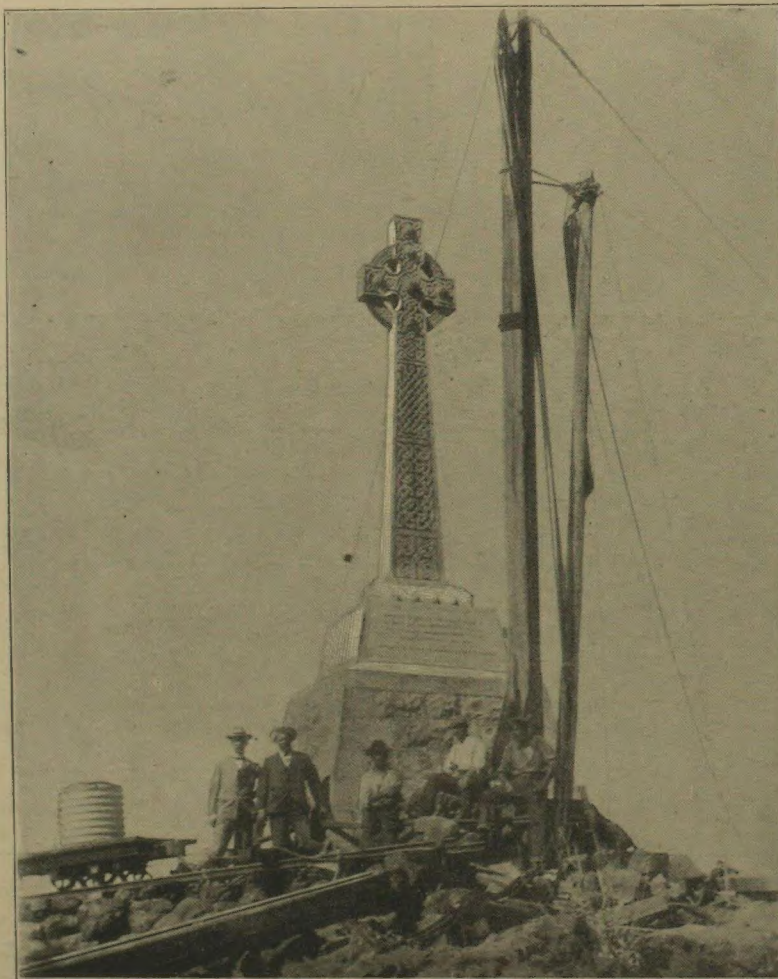


Photo. supplied by J. A. Glennie.

THE MAGERSFONTEIN MEMORIAL TO THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE,  
UNVEILED DECEMBER 11 BY LORD MILNER.



## PERSONAL.

Mr. Chamberlain has had a great personal triumph in Natal. He is known already to the man in the street as "Good old Joe." Less emotional citizens have recognised in his speeches the qualities of breadth, shrewdness, and courage. Above all, he is greeted as the statesman whose determination saved South Africa for the Empire, and who is showing now both the will and the capacity to grapple with a great problem.

The Very Rev. William Richard Wood Stephens, D.D., F.S.A., who died at Winchester on Dec. 22 last,

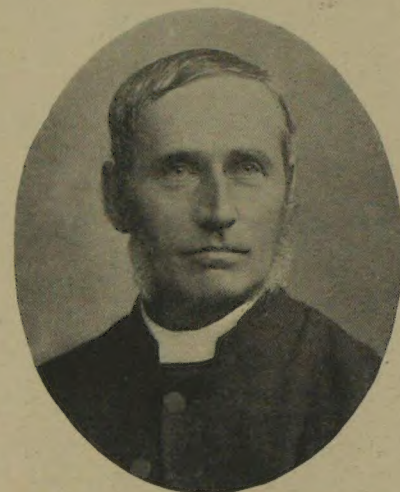


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE VERY REV. W. R. W. STEPHENS, D.D.,  
Dean of Winchester.

was born in Gloucestershire on Oct. 5, 1839, the youngest son of Mr. Charles Stephens, banker. Educated at home and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. in 1862, and a First Class in Final Classical School, he was appointed assistant curate of Staines in 1864, passing from there to Purley, Berks, in 1866. In 1870 he became Vicar of Mid-Lavant, Sussex; in 1872 Lecturer at Chichester Theological College; in 1875 Prebendary of Wittering and Theological Lecturer in Chichester Cathedral; in 1876 Rector of Woolbeding, Sussex; in 1880 Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of the Chichester Diocese; and in 1894 Dean of Winchester.

Mr. Roosevelt is a great man of affairs and of accidents. He was fencing with General Wood, when the foil of the latter pierced his mask and wounded him above the right eye. Already the President has had enough hair-breadth escapes to fill a book of adventure.

Little attention has been paid to a Russian official statement that Russia will open direct relations with the Ameer of Afghanistan whenever she pleases, without asking the permission of England. Meanwhile her preparations for absorbing Persia in due season go on without concealment.

Henry Verney, tenth Baron Willoughby de Broke, who died on board the P. and O. steamer *Australia*,



Photo. Dickinson and Foster.

THE LATE LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE,  
Master of the Warwickshire Hunt.

and was buried at sea on Dec. 19 last, lived the simple life of a country gentleman, and was best known as Master of the Warwickshire Hunt. The late peer, who was born at Kington in 1844, succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1862, and at the same time, as heir-general to the barony of Latimer, became Lord Latimer, though he did not establish his claim. He was the owner of an estate of about

18,000 acres. Lord Willoughby de Broke married Geraldine, daughter of Mr. James H. Smith-Barry, in 1867.

There are grave statements in the *Times* about the condition of Oxford University. The Bodleian Library is crippled by lack of funds. No means are provided for a scientific study of European history. Science in all its branches is neglected. The Rhodes scholars, says the *Times*, will find Oxford the home of indigence and apathy.

The late Right Rev. John Wogan Festing, Bishop of St. Albans, who died on Dec. 28 of last year after a prolonged illness, though not in the first rank of preachers, was a very hard worker, and will be much missed in the diocese under his control. Born in 1837, and educated at Burton School, Somerset, at King's College School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a Senior Optime, the late prelate, after a course at Wells Theological College, was ordained deacon in 1860 and priest in 1861. His first charge, which he held until 1873, was that of curate of Christ Church, Westminster, and was followed by his appointment as Vicar of St. Luke's, Berwick Street, W. Five years later he succeeded the late Canon Burrows as Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street. In 1887 he was appointed to the Rural Deanery of St. Pancras, and soon afterwards became

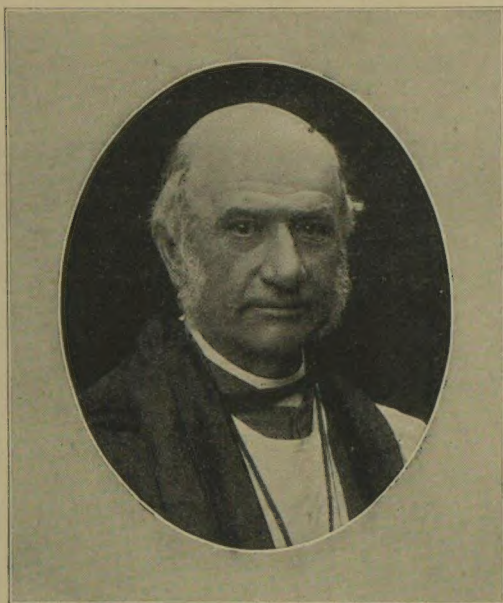


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE RIGHT REV. J. W. FESTING, D.D.,  
BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS.

a Prebendary of St. Paul's. His episcopate dates from the resignation of Bishop Claughton in 1890.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston, wife of the Viceroy of India, who plays as important a part socially as her husband does politically in India, is an American, the daughter of Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Washington, and was married to Lord Curzon, then the Hon. G. N. Curzon, on April 22,



Photo. Underwood and Underwood.

LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON,  
WIFE OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA.

1895. She has two children, Mary Irene, born in 1896, and Cynthia Blanche, born in 1898. The Curzon régime in India, which began in 1898, has proved popular as well as beneficial to the country, and there is little doubt that Lady Curzon's ability as hostess has done much to gain and retain that popularity.

Guglielmo Marconi, the young Italian electrician whose name has for the past five years, by reason of his experiments in telegraphy without wires, been familiar to most, and who has now succeeded in sending messages from



Photo. Russell.

SIGNOR GUGLIELMO MARCONI, THE FAMOUS WIRELESS TELEGRAPHIST.

Cape Breton, Canada, to Cornwall, has the good fortune to belong to a family of some position and of some wealth in his native city, Bologna. From the first he was well supplied with both the means and the opportunity for conducting the series of experiments which were to result in one of the most sensational scientific discoveries of the day. A pupil of Professor Rosa at Leghorn, and of Professor Righi, of the University of Bologna, his researches were first carried out in his native city, and later on Salisbury Plain, under the Director-General of Telegraphs; at Rome, and at Spezzia. Signor Marconi, whose mother is an Irishwoman, was born Sept. 23, 1875.

A vacancy in the House of Commons was created by the death of Mr. Samuel W. Higginbottom on Dec. 28 last.

Mr. Higginbottom first entered public life as a member of the Liverpool City Council. His selection as Unionist candidate for the West Derby Division of Liverpool was due to Mr. Walter Long's refusal to support the Anti-Ritual Bill of the Laymen's League, and he was returned unopposed. Born at Dukinfield fifty years ago, his ventures as a proprietor of collieries in Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales brought him considerable wealth, and he was the founder and chairman of the Douglas and Liverpool Steam-ship Company. He was an Alderman of the City of Liverpool, chairman of the Electric Power and Lighting Committee of the same city, and also a member of the Parliamentary and Tramways Committees. In 1877 he married Annie, eldest daughter of Henry Shanock, of Scarisbrick, Southport, Lancs. Mr. Higginbottom made politics and local municipal government his hobbies.



Photo. Brown, Barnes, and Bell.

THE LATE MR. S. W. HIGGINBOTTOM,  
M.P. for the West Derby Division of Liverpool.

M. de Blowitz is retiring from the Paris service of the *Times* after a remarkable career in journalism. Few public men, even in diplomacy, have played so conspicuous a part in the European history of the last thirty years as this famous correspondent. M. de Blowitz ought to have several volumes of memoirs in store for us.

Mr. William Lutley Sclater, M.A., F.Z.S., recently elected Secretary to the Zoological Society of London, in succession to his father, Mr. Philip Lutley Sclater, D.Sc., F.R.S., who held the office for forty-three years, was educated at Winchester and at Keble College, Oxford, where he was a pupil of the late Professor Moseley, and took a First Class in the School of Natural Science in 1885. During the next two years he acted as Demonstrator to Professor Ray Lankester at University College, London, and to Mr. Adam Sedgwick at Cambridge. Later, he was appointed Deputy Superintendent of the Indian Museum, Calcutta, where he was busily employed some years in completing the late Dr. Anderson's Catalogue of Mammals, and in editing the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, of which he was one of the secretaries. At the end of 1891 Mr. Sclater returned to England, and was appointed one of the Science Masters at Eton College. Here he remained until 1896, when he accepted the post of Director of the South African Museum, Cape Town. Mr. Sclater is the author of many papers on Natural History, mostly relating to mammals and birds, and is at present engaged in editing the "Fauna of South Africa." Mr. Sclater is now at work on the third and fourth volumes on "Birds," the first two of which were prepared by Dr. Stark, who was killed at Ladysmith.

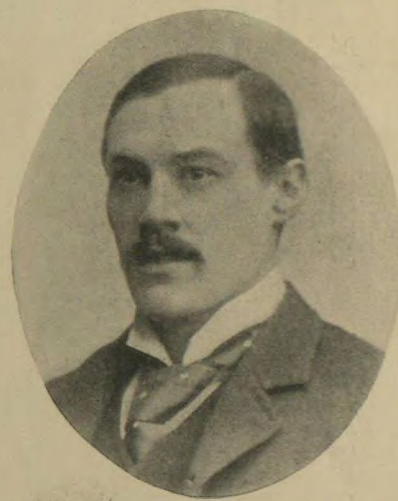


Photo. A. Langton.

MR. W. L. SCLATER,  
New Secretary to the Zoological Society.

Universal sympathy will go out to the Rao of Cutch. This Indian potentate was prevented from joining in the magnificent ceremonial when the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught made their state entry into Delhi. The Rao's elephant "went astray." Probably it was a near kinsman of the elephant in Mr. Kipling's well-known tale. All the other elephants, covered with gold, behaved with exemplary fealty to the Crown, knelt down when they were bidden, and trumpeted at the right moment.



THE WORSHIP OF THE BEAR AMONG THE AINUS OF JAPAN.



A CHIEF OFFERING WINE OF RICE AND FOOD TO THE DEIFIED SACRIFICE.

*The curious "Hairy Ainu" of Northern Japan hold the bear in extreme sanctity. They catch the bear young and bring him up on human milk, a nurse being deputed to him. Then he is transferred to a cage, and when he is old enough to be slain, on the day of sacrifice, the whole village turns out armed with bows and arrows, the cage is opened, and everyone strives to send home the fatal shaft. The chief prays the bear to pardon the violence done him, requests benefits from the now deified carcase, and presents offerings. They then behead and skin the bear, and begin an orgie which lasts several days.*



# THE DEAD-GATHERING.

By SEUMAS MACMANUS.



Illustrated by Gunning King.

IT was of a time when the unrest of the early summer had again stirred in my blood. I had swept my books aside, dropped my pen, left flakes of unfinished manuscripts sprawling where they had fallen, and, as was usual with me on such occasion, had struck aimlessly into the heart of the Donegal hills, and was day by day wandering forward wherever my fancy led, and night by night sleeping where the long shadows overtook me.

I followed the high-road rarely, and then stayed with it not long; for, no sooner did it wind to escape a hill or to skirt a glen than I, refusing to be seduced by an easeful prospect, asserted my individuality and parted company with it, striking down the glen or over the hill in a right line, rejoicing in the freedom of the trackless moor once more.

Yet when I saw the prospect of a leisurely, dreamful *seanchus* with a man shovelling his few ridges of potatoes in the little oasis he had created around his cabin, or with a *mechil* of men cutting turf in the coal-black bog, I did not hesitate to swerve from my course or to change it entirely; and, seated upon my bundle on potato-ridge or turf-bank, I chatted by the hour with sincere and happy-hearted men, who, unlettered though they were, often talked to me more true poetry, unfolded to me more elevating philosophy, and opened up to my enraptured sight more spiritual vistas in half of an afternoon than I could worm from my tomes in a month.

On an evening—after having wandered a week—I arose from chatting, busy workers, and, stretching myself, said, “I wonder where I’ll lay down my head for the night?”

“The Masther’s,” they said, one to another, “is the very place for him.”

“And, in troth,” said a grey-haired old man, “a kinder, modester, or warmer-hearted man than the Masther you never stayed with—I’ll say that. I’ll take ye there meself, for I cross his doorstep on my own way home.”

The Masther’s was a long, white, neatly thatched house, almost entirely hidden from view by the clump of black sallows wherein it stood. A little breen, two score of yards in length, led up to it from the mountain road. His little schoolhouse, a thatched and very unpretentious structure, likewise lifted its lowly roof-tree by the side of the mountain road, about a quarter of a mile away. My friend pointed it out to me as we passed it, and said with more than a trace of pride: “There’s men this day noted, and clever, and rich, both in Amerikay and Australiay, as well as in Ireland, who can boast it was in that little school they were made what the’ are: and they tramped to it for miles over the moors, barefooted and torn-coated.” I reverently raised my hat to the little school-house. “And the Masther,” my friend added

with fine pride—“the Masther it was who was the makin’ of them.”

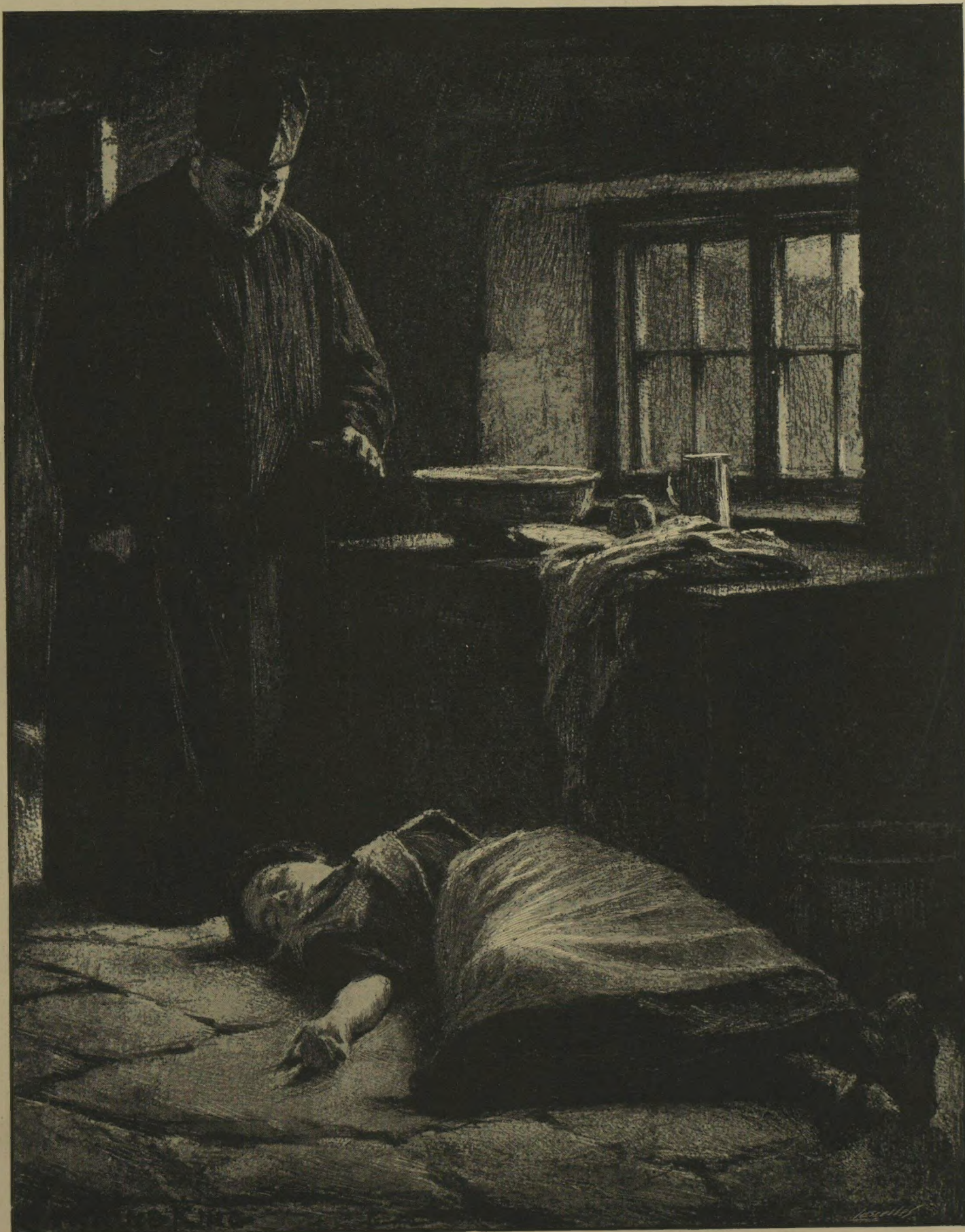
As we turned into the breen which led to the Masther’s, I perceived that a woman, barefooted, had turned up the lane before us. “She’s a thravellin’ poor woman,” said my friend, “lookin’ for her share.” This, the delicate way in which our good and simple mountain people always refer to those whom the harsher outside world called by a more thoughtless name, touched me. And the grand principle recognised by the use of the term “her share,” made me marvel at the human philosophy of our people, by so far does it lead the philosophy of the schools.

“I’m afeerd,” my friend added to his former remark, “I’m afeerd the Masther—if I know him—’ill have small *faillte* for her—for Bride.”

I had not time to ask him why the Master should have small welcome for this poor woman in particular—he had emphasised *her*; for we were now entering the open door—after the poor woman.

Yet I saw that my friend’s surmise was quite right. Though the Master welcomed me heartily, and, with all the innate and polite generosity of the born nobleman, which every word and motion betrayed him to be, tendered to me the hospitality of his house, I noted that he vouchsafed to the poor woman a displeased glance only, and gave order to his old housekeeper, “Madge, help this woman. But she cannot stay here over-night.”

In the homes of our mountain people there is a beautiful unwritten law, more binding far than the most binding law of your Statute Book, that the houseless poor have the unquestioned right of tarrying under what roof they choose, and making themselves free of the family privileges, wheresoever night overtakes them in their wanderings. So I was not a little surprised that a man of so obviously human a heart as the Master should thus turn the poor from his hearth. However, this gave me but momentary reflection.



The priest found Mary lying in a fit on the kitchen flags.



The Master charmed me, and awakened within me, for him, subdued but strong enthusiasm. He was singularly reposeful and quiet-mannered. His eyes, slow-moving, and to a superficial observer no doubt dull-looking, were in reality far-seeing, searching, and, I chide all that, suggestive of dreamfulness. His tone of voice was that of one who possessed a sincere heart, and always spoke therefrom. He was a man who would not squander words; and each word that dropped from him bore with it a due impressiveness. He was a man, too, of superior natural parts, and of cultivation beyond what I was prepared to find hidden away so deep in the heart of the hills. Yet, all of his life—his hair was now beginning to betray tokens of advancing age—had been spent here. "I was born less than two miles from this spot," he said, "and I have seldom strayed a score of miles from it. I find my world here large enough for my happiness. I have never desired any other world, or any larger."

I looked upon him with open admiration. I told him—for I knew well that I had a sympathetic auditor—of my fitful and vagrant mountain trappings, told him of the spiritual solace I derived from them, and told him of my discourses and debates with the workmen in the fields and boys with whom I idled many a pleasant hour, and told him particularly of my adventure of that evening, and the many delightful tales of spirit and *sidhe* (fairy) it had been my luck to listen to. And as I went on, his interest in me gradually and palpably grew.

"I am truly glad," he said when I had finished, "to see that you have come back to the old faith"—meaning to belief in the supernatural world in general, and the fairy world in particular.

"Come back!" I said; "I am glad to say I have not come back to it. Am not I your own countryman? I was born into the faith, and grew up in it."

"But I understand from you that you were away in the world for some years, and for thousands of miles. It is seldom, if ever, such a one retains the simple old faith. It will gladden me to learn that you have been exceptioned."

"Then I have," I said. "I never lost the old faith, though I mingled with the world and the worldly."

"It is so easy to lose it," he said, "when one goes into the world and sees for oneself disbelief go hand in hand with education and enlightenment—as almost invariably it does. I would be slow to blame anyone for losing his belief under the circumstances."

I said: "Enlightenment!"

"I use the word," he said, "in the sense in which a misled world accepts it."

"A blinded world," I corrected him.

He shook his head in disapproval. "I do not reckon those blind who will not see what is not," he said.

I looked puzzled.

Said he: "You and I believe in the existence of fairies because we are, and have lived our lives, in the midst of fairies. The world beyond does not believe in fairies because there are no fairies with them."

I said, "Why should not there be fairies in the outer world too?"

"Let me explain," said the Master. "When the average young person in the world beyond reaches that stage of life in which he begins seriously to take counsel with his conscience, among the questions that present themselves an important one always is that of the existence or non-existence of supernatural manifestations. He looks around him, and observes that belief in such is prevalent among the simple peoples, while the schoolmen, the travelled, and the so-called progressive and more highly civilised peoples not merely deny the existence of such, but scout and flout the belief as unworthy of emancipated minds. And, consequently, this young person quickly makes up his mind that fairies and that kind all exist only in the imagination of those who are too ignorant to know better. And at a like conclusion arrive almost all worldly people. And the line of reasoning adopted by these people looks plausible indeed."

"Now, to answer your question. The supernatural, it is my belief, only evinces itself to the eyes of faith; and communicates, and loves to communicate, with the faithful—and with the faithful only. The fairies retire before that wave of unbelief which they who get engulfed therein delight to term 'Civilisation.' They withdraw to the regions of those sincere, simple people over whose eyes the fingers of glorified ignorance have not pulled a veil."

"So, when again, in your wanderings in the world without, an omniscient one says to you, 'There are no fairies,' contradict him not; for, so far as he is concerned, there are not any, and he speaks the truth; and, vain man, he dreams not that he has been spending his days contracting his little horizon."

I was silent for awhile when the Master concluded. He had thrown a flashlight upon a place that had been dark to me, and I was carefully examining it—with much inward satisfaction.

Then I said: "I am enlightened, and I thank you sincerely."

Said the Master: "However, you must clearly understand me that I do not for a moment mean to say I believe all the stories of fairies, ghost, or goblin that I hear."

"I should think your belief in the supernatural should not bind you to that," I said. "For my part, I should say that a tithe of them may be relied upon."

"We are in agreement again," said the Master. "The fertile and impressionable imagination of our people and their love of exaggeration must be reckoned with. Though I am an interested listener to all stories, I believe as much or as little as I choose."

And I said: "It is so with me."

The Master was silent for a minute, and then he said suddenly: "You know of the Croghrav, of course?"

"The ghost-funeral—yes," I said. "Its manifestation foretells a death in the district; and it is in the power of the one person who witnessed the Croghrav to decide where the stroke of death may fall."

"Ye-es," the Master said hesitatingly. "Indirectly, yes. As he who saw the ghostly funeral may avert the death from any of his friends in the district by saying, 'I saw you in the Croghrav—you walked with the burial-party,' I should rather put it that his gift is to decide

where the stroke of death may *not* fall. I have, indeed, heard of cases—be they true or not—where it was said that a wicked man made use of his power to wreak vengeance on an enemy. I know that, in one case, upon the death of the enemy he himself died a violent death at the hands of one or other of his enemy's sons, in consequence of his supposed misuse of power. And I also know of terrible feuds still existing which had their rise in the real or fancied misuse of power by one who had seen the Croghrav. But, notwithstanding all this, I believe that to any person so wicked-minded—so murderous-minded—such power would not be vouchsafed by a just God. The manifestation is made as a mark of favour to one in whom God puts trust. In the Croghrav walk ghosts representative of every living person in the district—except one. The stretcher-borne corpse represents that one—whosoever it is to be. The manifestation of the vision means that Death is due to claim a victim from the district within nine days, and that the person to whom it is made manifest is granted the gift of securing whom they will against Death's stroke. It is only one of the privileges that we may readily conceive to be granted to those who keep themselves close to the spirit world."

The further the Master had gone into this our discourse, I noted how his features became more and more animated, and his eyes glowed and sparkled, till now he was absolutely transformed. The quiet, half dull-looking man had gradually sunk out of sight, and an enthusiast and idealist whose soul obscured the body took his place. I, too, was enthused almost as much as he.

After a short pause, during which he was looking deep into the fire, he said: "I asked you of the Croghrav, because it was forcibly thrust upon my mind this night—just, by a strange coincidence, at the very time that you walked into my house. I shall tell you a story—a strange story. It is of the seeing of a Croghrav—and after. I want you to understand that I am not advancing the evidence of the story as proof of anything. It may be corroboration of our belief. It may be a strange coincidence. I do not know which. You can draw your own conclusion."

The Master took out of the dark corner a wicker *seath* which was piled with turf and fir, and from this pile he renewed the fire and built it high. He re-filled his pipe, lighted it, and passed it to me.

"In the next district here," the Master said, "in Gleneany, there was a girl named Mary MacAliunn. She was about as good-looking, physically, as our average country girl; but she had a natural refinement about her, and a modesty, that made her twice as beautiful. Her father and mother were both dead—died of typhus fever, both within the same month; and one sister died of a broken heart ten months after the death of her mother and father."

"I don't at all doubt but it was the terrible trouble poor Mary came through that year that gave her a certain chastened look and chastened manner that so heightened the charm of person which she, in after years, possessed in a great degree. As she was left entirely alone in the world, with none of her own to care for her, and a dreary enough outlook ahead of her, Father Nicholas MacNelis, who was then the parish priest, took her to housekeep for him, and she stayed with him for five years, and a model housekeeper surely Mary MacAliunn made."

"In the north-easternmost end of Gleneany, in a particularly isolated hollow of the mountains—separated from the rest of the parish, and from the outer world, by a high, bald, and bleak moor which is crossed by a two-mile *cásan*, or footway—there lived a boy named Rody McCai, a boy who was then much about Mary's age—four or five-and-twenty—who owned what we call a brave farm, and who had two hundred sheep on the hills. This Rody was a very fine fellow, and fine-looking, moreover. He used to see Mary every time he came down the Glen as far as Father Nicholas's, and used to admire her very much, and think her far superior to the other girls about; and, at length, Rody fell in love with Mary MacAliunn. Mary had liked Rody from the first she had seen of him; and well she might like him, for he, too, was superior in his way. They courted for two years, and the parish looked on it as a settled thing; and it was everyone's say that Rody McCai and Mary MacAliunn were made for each other. And very soon, then, it was settled, and they were to be married when Easter Sunday would come round."

"But as Rody was so well-to-do, in addition to being so well-looking, there was many a girl in the parish would sooner it was they who stood in Mary's shoes than Mary herself, when such a boy came courting. But as Mary had no thought for any other boy than Rody, Rody was himself almost as exemplary—almost; for, though he was good and sincere beyond the average, his nature was not by any means so deep and strong as was Mary MacAliunn's. And with all the depth and strength of her nature Mary undoubtedly loved Rody."

"And this was clearly proven when Bride Carribin, a rather flippant, flirty sort of girl without a great deal of heart, who had been from home for three or four years keeping house for a brother who had a grocery in Dublin, came home, and set herself to flirt with Rody. Rody entered into the thing in fun; but, unfortunately, it soon turned to dead earnest with him. For Bride Carribin was certainly a pretty and a winsome girl—one of those picture-girls, as I may call them, who have little heart and less soul. She had come to the time of day to settle down, as we say, and she looked on Rody McCai as a good catch. So when she found him pliable, she put forward all her arts and energies; and Bride's arts, which she had learned in Dublin, were to him so piquant, so alluringly novel, and made her so unlike any of the simple-mannered country girls, with whom only he had hitherto been acquainted, that almost before he knew it he was—I'll not say over head and ears in love, but infatuated with her."

"This happened only about two months before the Easter which Mary MacAliunn was unsuspectingly looking forward to for the crowning of her life's happiness. Now Rody, though you may think him despicable, was not without good principle. Everyone knew and admitted this when they sat in social judgment on him afterwards.

When he found Bride Carribin's fascinations getting power over him, he strove to shake her off—strove sorely and strove more than once or twice; but the unfortunate fellow was a bit weak-willed, and Bride soon overcame him. It was a complete and a pitiable collapse for him. He gathered up what little courage he had, at length, and journeyed to Father Nicholas's to see Mary, and made a clean breast of all, telling her candidly that Bride Carribin had won away his love from her, and begging of Mary to release him from his promises."

"Poor Mary turned on him no word of reproach. She spoke to him as gently as it was her nature to do. Then Rody all but went on his knees in thanking her for her magnanimous generosity, protesting his own innocence, and explaining how that he asked for this release in order not to do her the greatest of injustices—bestowing himself upon her at the same time that his love was given elsewhere; and a great deal more to that effect."

"Mary MacAliunn, she seemed to him to be listening, and with approval, to all this. But it was in a stoon she was, never hearing a syllable of it; and shortly after Rody McCai had gone away, the priest found Mary lying in a fit on the kitchen flags."

"She was put to her bed, and didn't rise from it for two months or more. And Rody McCai and Bride Carribin were man and wife by that time. And, more by the same token, people said there never was seen a more melancholy groom than he made; though Bride was as gay as if she was going to a fair. Anyway, when Mary got out of her bed and got fairly strong again she left the priest's house—wouldn't and couldn't be persuaded to stop on any account, and went and lived in a bit of a barn which she had fitted up on her own piece of land: for she had a tenant living in her own old house, her father's house. She wanted to be all by herself, for she had become very much changed, silent, and not wanting to see people. The hearts of every soul in the countryside were sore for poor Mary, and they'd do anything for her to make her comfortable, and to make her forgetful of what had happened; but she shook her head at all suggestions that the kindness of the neighbours made them put forward, and discouraged every attempt to help her, or to make things easy and pleasant for her."

"She didn't want for money; because, between what she had saved and the rent she got for her poor father's farm, she could, living as she did, be comfortable enough in that way."

"Now she wasn't at all morose, or anything like it. Her heart was as kind and kindly as ever it had been, and she tried to force her own old kind smile to greet the neighbours when they came across her. She was as good as gold to the poor, and gladly gave shelter and something more to any of them that came her way. But she was still silent and sad; and, besides attending the chapel every morning and every evening, she went the rounds of her beads many a time during the day at home—turned out a regular *votteen*."

"People said that Rody McCai's married life wasn't as happy as it might be; for he was feeling remorse because of the blight he had put upon Mary MacAliunn's life. And it would be little wonder if that was so. And as this remorse could not be concealed, it is, also, little wonder that his wife, Bride, should see and understand it, and be piqued at it. And as Bride was light-tempered enough, and quick-tongued, she sometimes stung Rody with sharp innuendoes. And moreover, though she disliked Mary MacAliunn when she won Rody from her—just as we all, curiously, dislike a person as soon as we do them an injury—she grew still more bitter against her after marriage—and the bitterness grew to hate."

"However, of all this poor Mary was entirely oblivious. And as she, the wronged one, did not entertain in her breast one particle of ill-feeling against anyone in the wide world, it would surely have startled her to learn that there was one person in the parish who bore her bitter, bitter ill-will. And for the poor girl's peace of mind—if she now possessed such a thing—it was well that she did not know it."

"Five years passed, and the cloud never lifted off Mary, nor was there any change in her way of living—or in herself, other than that she was rapidly becoming an old woman—at a little more than thirty. Although, as I believe I said before, Mary had a dread of meeting and mixing with the neighbours, still, it was always her pious habit to visit anyone who was very sick in the parish, and in danger of death—to visit them, and pray with them and help them to prepare themselves for their end. And on a Candlemas night she was coming back, late—I should say about the hour of midnight—from such a visit to a Rosie Coyle, of Drimard, who, poor woman, had been suffering for a twelvemonth from a cancer that was gradually eating her life away. Just as she came down the hillside, making for the Steps across the Ainey River, she saw—it was a clear, starlit night, though there was no moon—she afterwards described the whole thing minutely—she saw, I say, as she came down the hillside, a great dark mass, like a crowd of people, crossing the water by the Steps, and moving towards her. She wondered what it was, and thought at first that it was a gathering of Mollie Maguire's Men—the secret society of Mollie's Men was then flourishing; but when she met the head of the crowd halfway down the hill, she saw that four men walked in front carrying something between them. It was a corpse upon a stretcher. She was astonished that a funeral should walk at dead of night, and thought it must have been a Mollie's Man who met his death unfairly, and who was being buried unknown to the police."

"Mary crossed herself, and stood to show respect as it passed. She leant forward to a figure in the very front rank, and asked, 'Whose funeral is it?' The person addressed neither replied nor gave her any notice. She addressed another; and the result was the same. There was a strange feeling over her—a feeling that had crept over her unawares. And it was only after she had questioned the second with the still curious result, it struck her as very strange how that, though the starlight was good enough for the purpose, she could not guess at the features of the people who streamed past



her; and then, too, that she did not hear their feet make any noise, and did not hear any, even the slightest sound, come from that great throng. There travelled in it the familiar forms of men and women, boys and girls—mixed and travelling irregularly, as was natural at a country funeral. Some of the women and girls had their skirts tucked up around them, to save them from wet and from soil, as women do in crossing country, and many carried neatly folded shawls laid over one arm, while, again, others, chiefly girls, carried their shawls folded sashwise across the shoulders and body. The men and boys wore all varieties of hats and caps, as might be expected; they wore black coats and frieze coats, and some of them flannel rollers, and here and there was a man in his shirt-sleeves, carrying his coat over his arm, as men do on a journey. Still, it puzzled her why the features of all were so shadowy.

"Mary MacAliunn stood gazing at all this till gradually, as it forced itself on her that it was something uncanny and unearthly, she grew dazed and then unconscious. And when next she came to her senses, she found herself lying on a bed in Patrick McGroarty's house of Dhrimnaherk, a quarter-mile from the Steps.

"Patrick had been returning from Morris Boyle's, of Literfad, where he was card-playing till far on in the night, and he got Mary lying, as he thought, dead, close to the Ainey Steps, and had taken her up and carried her home with him.

"When they heard Mary's story they told her at once that she had met a Croghrav, and that there was someone to die in Gleneany within nine days.

"And over the whole district the news that Mary MacAliunn had seen a Croghrav sped fast, and caused hubbub and consternation. Everyone that could find any trifle of excuse for doing so tripped over everyone else, as, during the next days, they thronged to Mary's little house to inquire how she was doing—by the way. Mary could not help but know the real, serious reason for their visits, and as each sat and sat talking, talking, all solicitous as it were about her health and comfort, her kindly heart would not allow her to let any go away disappointed. She told each in turn that she had seen him or her at the Croghrav, and that party, in a short time after, left Mary's house satisfied.

"Likewise, during these days when Mary went some necessary journey, she was sorely harassed by being called into every house that she had the misfortune to

pass, forced to sit down, pressed to eat and drink, and overwhelmed with lavish kindnesses in general, till she was coaxed into volunteering the information that she had met a Croghrav, and telling each member of the family (for every individual in the family was speedily collected into the house on the entrance of Mary, and kept there till she should impart the information expected of her)—and telling, I say, each member of the family that she saw him or her walking behind the corpse.

"So, in a week's time after she had met the Croghrav, Mary had met and told—been forced to tell, maybe I should say—nearly every person in the district that she had seen them there. *Nearly* every person I said truly; for, when the week had passed, and Mary was both wearied and worn with the way she had been importuned, there was a Madge Maguire from the upper end of the parish dropped in to her on an evening and asked her did she know that Rody McCai was lying very sick with fever—had been bad with it for a week and more; and Mary replied that she hadn't heard it; and she buried her face in her hands while she muttered a prayer for him from her heart.

"Said Madge, 'He is that, then—low and very low, and it's a miracle if ever he pulls through. But,' says she, 'what it was on my mind principally to tell you is that Bride, his wife, has been telling that though you waited long, you're having your revenge on poor Rody at last.' 'What does she mean?' said poor Mary in consternation. 'She means, and says,' said Madge, 'that you are bringing the death to their door: that you've told everyone in every other house in the parish that you saw them at the Croghrav—everyone except Rody and herself: that as many years as have gone since Rody did to you what he couldn't help doing, and as pious and great prayer

as you are, you have kept up your hate towards him and her, and are now going to satisfy it to your soul's content.'

"As late as it was, Mary, so alarmed and shocked was she, would then and there have thrown her shawl over her head and started off over the hills and moors to Rody McCai's, only there was a bitter snowstorm on had been on since morning, and it wouldn't be safe to venture out then.

"And it was only then, too, that, running the thing over in her mind, she found it was really true that she had told every other soul in the district, big and small—that she had seen them at the Croghrav—and left out only Rody McCai, and his wife Bride. She was sore troubled in her heart, and did not sleep a single wink that night—but she passed the uncomfortable hours praying to God for Rody McCai.

"In the morning the blinding snow was driving so fast that one couldn't see a yard ahead. Still, bad as it was—and it was so bad that a strong man wouldn't be so mad as to venture on a journey through it, Mary MacAliunn wrapped herself up, about eight o'clock in the morning, and set her head against the storm, for this was the ninth day since the seeing of the Croghrav, and she must reach Rody's one way or other. At eleven o'clock in the day—and it still snowing as blindingly as ever—Mary managed to stagger into Donal MacShane's—a bare mile and a half that she had made from her own house in the three hours—and drop in

the strange look died away, and she became soothed and more collected. She said, 'Thank God, Rody McCai, that I've been in time!' She told him she had met the Croghrav, and had seen him walking with it. Then she dropped on her knees by the fire, and, with her head buried in her hands, prayed. Rody was covered with confusion, shame, remorse. And he buried his face and sobbed. Bride looked from one to the other of them, with suppressed fury in her countenance, hereupon. When Mary arose she met the eyes of Bride, that were glaring at her with an evil expression. 'I suppose,' Bride said, 'I suppose, then, after all, that you did not want to revenge yourself on Rody? It's on me,' she hissed, 'on me, I see, that you mean it to fall! Only get me out of the way, and ye'll have Rody to yourself. But,' she almost screamed, 'have the death fall on me, and I'll haunt the both of ye, should I have to come back out of Hell to do it!'

"The man in the bed screamed for terror. Mary, curiously, wasn't one bit excited. She just turned a meekly reproachful look upon the frenzied woman—for she was frenzied—and she said calmly, 'Bride, it looks as if God means that either you or me must go. He seems to have given me this strange opportunity of showing Rody and yourself—what my simple word would, maybe, never have convinced ye—that with all my heart and soul I have forgiven you both, and far from bearin' you any shadow of ill-will, have been prayin' for you, and prayin' to have *your* forgiveness, for years.'

"The man in the bed cried aloud, 'Oh! Oh!' as if there was a dagger cutting into the heart of him.

"Bride, in an entirely altered mood now, said, 'Ye have his forgiveness anyhow. And, if I mistake not, ye're going to earn mine.'

"Said Mary, continuing her discourse, 'It looks as if it is for me now to decide whether it is on you or on me the death is to fall—and it doesn't take long to decide it. I saw you, Bride, at the Croghrav.'

"Bride just bowed her head, and she said, 'Ye surely have my forgiveness.' Then she added, 'It's far in the night now, and, as your journey is long, we'll not delay ye further. God speed ye!'

"Rody McCai, sick as he was, sprang up in bed. 'Bride,' said he, 'Bride, are ye mad to order any Christian out of your house on such a night as is this? Any woman, let alone her! Surely ye wouldn't have the heart to order out even a dog on such a night?'

"Mary MacAliunn's courage deserted her, and she consented to

look at Bride with a pleading look in her eyes. She had experienced what it was to cross the moor once this night. Bride evaded the look. She turned to Rody, and said sternly, 'Be quiet, and lie down. The girl,' she added, 'has more good sense than to stop in a house where the man who used to court her lives, *seeing that he is now married.*'

"The instant Mary heard these words she just drew her shawl tight about her, and without any words, went out into the blizzard of a January night, and faced for home. The strongest-hearted man in Ireland would think twice before he'd do it."

Then the Master paused, gazing into the fire. I waited for a good while, and at length I said, "Well?"

The Master picked the ashes out of his pipe with his little finger before he replied to me. He said then: "The stiffened corpse of Mary MacAliunn was got by the side of the path, half-ways over the moor, when the snow went, five days later. 'Perished of Starvation,' the Coroner's inquest made it."

On the next morning, as we sat at a breakfast of potatoes and butter, and oatcakes and sweet milk, I asked the Master what about Rody McCai and his wife after.

"Rody McCai," said the Master, "is now no one knows where. There was no more any happiness between himself and his wife. He ruined and drank himself out in two years and then disappeared."

"And his wife?" said I. "His wife," said he, "I gave alms to, and turned her from my house last night."

I shouldered my little bundle, and took to the moors again, very thoughtful that morning.

THE END.



*She dropped on her knees by the fire, and, with her head buried in her hands, prayed.*



# THE RESCUE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE "ELINGAMITE."

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



THE END OF A TALE OF HORROR: H.M.S. "PENGUIN" SIGHTING THE RAFT AFTER ITS FOUR DAYS' VOYAGE OF SIXTY-SIX MILES.

*The steam-ship "Elingamite," which struck on November 9 on West Island, one of the Three King's Islands, north of New Zealand, went down in twenty minutes. Of sixteen persons who left the wreck about 11 a.m. on the day of the disaster, eight were picked up by the "Penguin" at 4 p.m. on November 13 sixty-six miles E.N.N. of the Three Kings. During their voyage, the survivors had not a drop of water and only two apples amongst them. Three went mad and jumped overboard, and five died, including a stewardess, the only woman on board. Several sharks attended the raft and devoured the bodies. The raft's crew signalled the "Penguin" by waving a shirt.*



THE VENEZUELAN DIFFICULTY: THE FLEET AND PRESIDENT CASTRO'S RESIDENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARE



THE "BOLIVAR," CAPTURED BY THE ALLIES.



THE "GENERAL CRESPO," SUNK BY THE ALLIES.



THE  
TROOP-SHIP  
"ZAMORA,"  
CAPTURED BY  
THE ALLIES.



CASTRO'S PALACE OF MIRAFLORES AT CARACAS: THE PATIO.



CASTRO'S PALACE OF MIRAFLORES AT CARACAS: AN INTERIOR.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL.



THE MOST REVEREND FREDERICK TEMPLE, P.C., D.D., LL.D.

BORN, NOVEMBER 30, 1821; DIED, DECEMBER 23, 1902.

*The Primate of All England, who had held the Archbishopric of Canterbury since December 22, 1896, was the son of Major Octavius Temple, late Governor of Sierra Leone. He was educated at Blundell's School at Tiverton, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first class in classics and mathematics. In 1843 he became a Fellow at Balliol on the Blundell Foundation, and five years later, Principal of Kneller Hall. In 1856 he was appointed an Inspector of Training Colleges, and in 1858 Head Master of Rugby School. Through the bishoprics of Exeter and London, he reached the See of Canterbury. Last year it fell to Dr. Temple to crown King Edward.*



# THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER.

AS PORTRAYED BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP'S ATTEMPT TO SETTLE JUDICIALLY THE RITUAL QUESTION: HIS GRACE OPENING THE LAMBETH COURT WITH PRAYER, MAY 8, 1899.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND CORONATION-GUESTS: DR. TEMPLE PREACHING TO THE COLONIAL TROOPS AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE, JULY 6, 1902.

THE FIRST SIGN OF FAILING STRENGTH: DR. TEMPLE UNABLE TO RISE UNTIL ASSISTED BY THE KING, AFTER PAYING FEALTY AT THE CORONATION, AUGUST 9, 1902.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY CROWNING KING EDWARD VII. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AUGUST 9, 1902.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S TRIBUTE TO QUEEN VICTORIA: DR. TEMPLE PREACHING AT ST. PAUL'S ON THE SUNDAY FOLLOWING HER LATE MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE SUMMIT OF ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENT: DR. TEMPLE ENTHRONED AS PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, JANUARY 8, 1897.



# THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CANTERBURY.



THE FINAL SCENE IN THE CLOISTER GARTH, DECEMBER 27: THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION.  
*After the first portion of the burial service in the Cathedral, the procession moved to the grave in the Cloister Garth, where Dr. Temple was laid to rest. The Dean gave the Grace, and the Archbishop of York pronounced the Benediction.*



THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE IMPERIAL DURBAR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.



HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CURZON, VICEROY OF INDIA.



## THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. IV.: THE BIRTH OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE ORIGIN OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY: THE GREAT MOGUL RECEIVING SIR JOHN MILDENHALL, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S AMBASSADOR, 1599.

In 1599 the Dutch, who controlled the East India trade, raised the price of pepper from 25 to 60, and 50. The result was a combination of London merchants, who formed an association to trade directly with India. Queen Elizabeth sent an Ambassador to obtain privileges for the new venture from the Great Mogul. On December 31, 1600, the East India Company was inaugurated by Royal Charter.

OF OUR "BRITISH DOMINIONS" SERIES, THE THREE SUBJECTS THAT HAVE ALREADY APPEARED DEAL WITH THE ORIGIN OF NATAL, AND THE FIRST AND SECOND BRITISH OCCUPATION OF CAPE COLONY (THE LAST A DOUBLE-PAGE DRAWING).



THE ORIGIN OF MADRAS: THE FOUNDING OF FORT ST. GEORGE BY FRANCIS DAY, AN OFFICER OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY, IN MARCH 1639.

In 1638 the East India Company, whose factories were inadequately situated, sent Francis Day to India to select a better site for their headquarters. In 1639 Day purchased from the Raja of Chandragiri a tract of land five miles long near the Portuguese settlement of St. Thomé. There he built a factory and a fort, which he called Fort St. George, at Madras, which sprang from this small beginning, is still officially named. The fort was 300 yards long by 100 wide, and was garrisoned by 100 men.



# THE REPRESENTATIVE PRINCE OF THE BLOOD ROYAL AT THE IMPERIAL DURBAR

DRAWN BY H. V. KOCKKOEK.



FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., K.T., K.P., ETC.

*The Duke, it is interesting to note, was not the direct representative of the Sovereign at the Durbar, where the throne was occupied by the Viceroy. The occasion, indeed, was one where official position took precedence of mere social rank.*



# THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS FROM "MOTHER GOOSE."

The burden of the fun is, as usual, sustained by Messrs. Leno and Herbert Campbell, whose most amusing exploit is a voyage in an air-ship.



THE QUEEN'S DINNER TO THE WIDOWS AND CHILDREN OF FALLEN SOUTH AFRICAN HEROES.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JAN. 3, 1903. - 22

THE ENTRY OF THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING DURING THE DINNER AT THE ALEXANDRA TRUST, DECEMBER 27.

*The state entry of the Christmas pudding created a moment of pleasurable excitement for the Queen's 1500 guests. The pudding was carried shoulder-high by eight cooks, and was preceded by the pipers of the Scots Guards.*



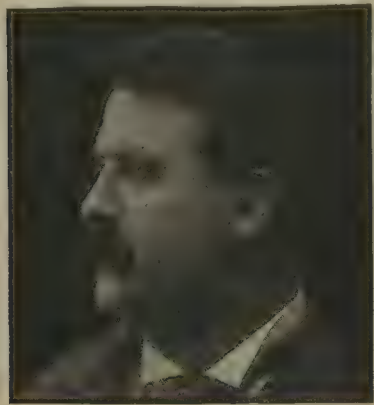
## HEAR WHAT THE FAMOUS SAY OF ODOL.



Lambert Weston &amp; Son.

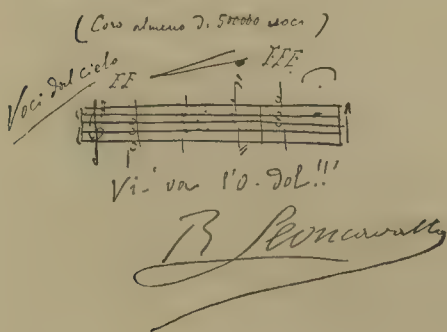
One of the officers who most distinguished himself in the South African campaign was Lieutenant-General Sir John Denton French, who was appointed to the command of the First Army Corps at Aldershot.

General Sir John French says: "Odol appears to me to possess all the excellent qualities of a mouth-wash which are claimed for it."



From double forte to fortissimo is the way in which the merits of Odol are extolled by R. Leoncavallo, the great composer of "I Pagliacci," the opera which has been declared to be the most artistic one-act opera produced by the modern Italian school.

Signor R. Leoncavallo writes:



H. S. Mendelssohn.

The brother-in-law of the King, the Duke of Argyll, takes, perhaps, a greater interest in literature than in anything else, and everyone will remember his popular Life of Queen Victoria, which was published last year.

The Duke of Argyll writes, through his Secretary: "Odol appears to him an excellent preparation."



H. S. Mendelssohn.

No singer on the concert platform now before the public has a greater popularity than Madame Clara Butt, whose glorious contralto voice is one of the finest organs to be heard in any part of the world. Scarcely less popular—for men are rarely so attractive as women—is her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, whose name is invariably found on the same programme as that of his brilliant wife.

Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford write: They "have tried Odol and find it is the most refreshing dentifrice they have ever used. They intend to use Odol regularly after this."



Lafayette.

A certain suggestion of dominating passion weaves itself through the acting of the beautiful Mrs. Brown-Potter, so that she becomes invaluable on the stage for a certain type of woman, while with her great elocutionary gifts, which she has exercised in more than one church at the invitation of the clergyman, she is helping in the work of drawing the church and stage together.

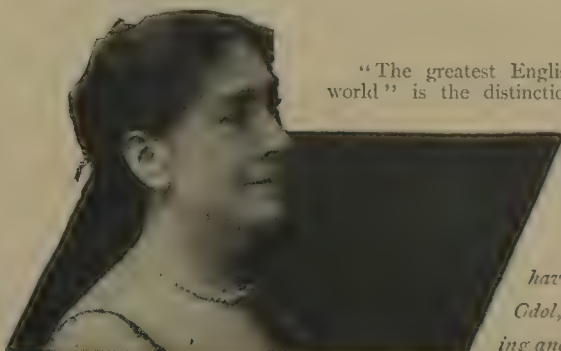
Mrs. Brown-Potter writes: "I find Odol excellent."

For a quarter of a century and more Miss Ellen Terry has received the homage of the stage as the Queen of the theatrical profession.

Miss Ellen Terry writes: "After the splendid testimonial Odol has received from the Roy. I.O.P.H. no praise of mine can be of any use, I fear. I may, however, tell you I find Odol so excellent that I have just ordered more of it, and shall use it constantly."



Lafayette.



Window &amp; Grove.

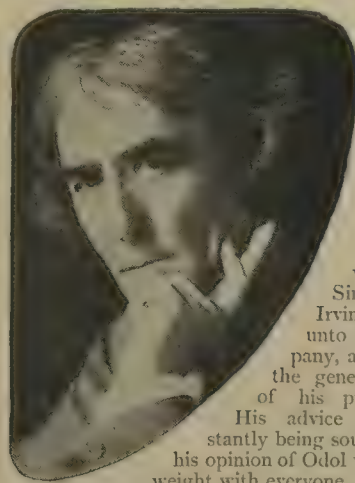
"The greatest English-speaking actress in the world" is the distinction invariably accorded to Mrs. Kendal by the theatrical profession, and the regular playgoer will willingly endorse that opinion.

Mrs. Kendal writes: "I have tried the Sweet Rose Odol, and find it most refreshing and agreeable."



Though Verdi is dead his name will live on among the immortal musicians. One of the last letters written during his long life was to extol the merits of Odol, which he admitted he was in the habit of using every day.

Giuseppe Verdi said: "Odol is really a wonderful invention, and I use it daily. You have sent me so much of it that I have enough to last me as long as I live, with some over to bequeath to my heirs."



Fradelle &amp; Young.

Sir Henry Irving writes: "I find Odol excellent."



Hind &amp; Co.

Lord Methuen, the gallant soldier, has undoubtedly won the affection and confidence of the men who served under him in the trying hardships of war, and is surely one of the most chivalrous, and at the same time popular figures among the generals who have fought the country's battles.

Lord Methuen writes: "I find Odol an 'excellent' mixture for the teeth."



Although Madame Ristori has retired from the stage she is still one of the most celebrated women in the contemporary history of the theatre, and English playgoers will remember her, for it is only a few years ago since she last acted in London.

Countess Adelai'e Ristori writes: "I have much pleasure in telling you that I have tried Odol. I think that it has an extraordinarily pleasant taste, which leaves a sense of freshness in the mouth, and I use it with pleasure."



Russell &amp; Sons.

The head of the great brewing firm of Bass is Lord Burton, who for twenty-one years sat in the House of Commons for some Division of Staffordshire.

Lord Burton writes: "I am using Odol regularly, and think highly of it."

Odol is the most up-to-date mouth-wash. It has been scientifically proved to be the best of all known preparations for cleansing the mouth and teeth. Tooth powders and soaps are antiquated and tiresome. Odol is easy and pleasant to use and makes no mess. Perfect for travelling and an ornament to the dressing-table. All smart people use Odol. The taste of Odol is extremely agreeable. Odol is supplied to the public in two distinct flavours—"Sweet Rose" and "Standard Flavour." The former is delightfully mild, and in special favour with ladies; while generally "Standard Flavour" is preferred on account of its more expressed taste and refreshing and invigorating effect. When the teeth are cleaned with Odol the whole mouth is rejuvenated as the body is by a bath.

Price 1s. 6d. a flask; 2s. 6d. a large bottle, to be obtained of all Chemists.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A large amount of attention has been bestowed of late days upon that important mollusc on which has been bestowed the name of "the succulent bivalve." The Christmas demand for the oyster as a tit-bit has been somewhat rudely modified by disquieting reports of typhoid epidemics—or at least a very fair number of cases of the ailment—traceable to the patients who have partaken of infected shellfish. We are assured by the oyster-traders that there are only two beds in Britain known to be contaminated. If this is the case, it is to be hoped, in their own interests and equally in those of the public, the traders will take good care to let us know the names of the beds in question, and also exert themselves by forcible appeals to authority to have the insanitary conditions in question rectified. Many an individual would deeply regret if he were compelled to forego his occasional oyster, but the fear of typhoid will deter him when nothing else would hinder his enjoyment. It is nothing to the point to say that it is all a scare. What the public know is that typhoid is liable to be caused by dirty oysters—that is, molluscs living in water to which sewage has access.

It is known as a scientific fact that typhoid bacilli will live in the body of the oyster for a fairly long period in polluted water, and as, of course, the mollusc is liable to receive perpetual accretions of microbes in such surroundings, there may be a chronic state of infection thus represented. But it has also been shown that if you remove an infected oyster to pure water, the bacilli die off after a certain period, which, I fancy I am correct in stating, ranges on the average from ten to fourteen days. This is quite what germ-science would lead us to expect. The bacilli demand certain surroundings for their adequate development. When these surroundings are replaced by other and sanitary conditions, the microbes vanish away. They succumb to purity as they flourish amid pollution. The case for the oysters is therefore a clear one. In the purity of the water in which they live lies the only safety for those who consume them, a remark applying also to the case of other shellfish used as food.

The natural history of the oyster forms in itself a very interesting chapter of zoological study. Highly prolific, the parent oysters send forth into the waste of waters the young forms, which, provided with lash-like filaments, or "cilia," may swim far from the native bed, and may start colonies elsewhere. No doubt a large proportion of the "spat," as it is called, perishes. Nature, realising that of fifty seeds only one may come to bear, as the late Laureate said, provides for probable loss by producing an immensity of ova and seeds. Out of the big number she aims at saving a respectable minimum, sufficient to continue and maintain the race against the inevitable loss entailed by death. But mankind, as in other cases, intervenes. He attends to the spat, secures it, nurses it, as it were, and thus restocks his beds.

The more personal history of the oyster is worthy a glance. It is, of course, a near cousin of the cockle, the mussel, the clam, the scallop, and all other common bivalves. Higher up in the molluscan scale are the whelks and snails; for their shell is univalve, or one-piece, and they have, besides, developed a head, which last is a sure sign of biological advance. Higher still than the snails are the cuttlefishes, of which the octopus is a familiar example. There the process of head-development attains its highest phase in the molluscan class; while the shell—in modern cuttles at least—has passed away into the background, leaving the animals greater scope for activity. The shells of the oyster are unequally developed. The top valve is the lesser of the two, and in the best class of oyster fits into the lower and deeper valve like a lid. The manner of opening and shutting the shell is curious, and at the same time illustrative of nature's economies. The shell is shut by the contraction of the big (adductor) muscle, which the oyster-man has to sever with his knife before he can place the contents at the service of his customer. It is the cut end of this muscle you see adhering to the shell as a bundle of tough fibres on one side, while you note its mark, whence it has been riven by the knife, on the other and opposite valve.

The shell is opened by the action of what is called the elastic ligament. You will find this structure at the hinge line of the shell, where the valves are jointed. Now, when the oyster lies in its bed the shell is kept open. This is a necessary feature, in view of the fact that constant currents of water are being swept in by the motion of the cilia of the gills, to bring food and oxygen to the animal. To keep the shell open, therefore, involves no trouble on the part of the mollusc. The elastic ligament, all pressure on it being removed, forces and keeps the valves apart. When it is necessary to close the shell (a movement not required at all frequently), the muscle comes into play. This is in itself a vital action, and it is one which involves expenditure of energy. Our bivalve is therefore saved a good deal of trouble, in that the constant and open condition of the shell is maintained mechanically by the ligament. The action resembles our own breathing arrangements in respect of nature's economy. It costs us muscular expenditure to breathe in; it costs us nothing, so to speak, to breathe out.

The other features of oyster anatomy are equally curious. We find a well-developed digestive system and a big liver. There is a heart for circulating blood, and gills to purify the vital fluid. There is a nervous system to regulate and control the oyster's personal affairs, but it is largely deficient in senses—a point related to its quiet, unobtrusive existence. The mass of anatomical detail which the oyster-lover swallows is therefore amazing. Our anti-vivisectionist friends should make a note of these things. Their next crusade should be one on the oyster-shops.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

J W WYNN (Dudley, Worcester).—Your two-mover shall appear shortly.  
A W MORGENTHAU. —We have received the diagram of your problem, but now require the author's solution. The other version was destroyed.

L DESANGES. —We think your last two-mover is scarcely what you would like to see in print. For instance, after Q takes Q, there is mate by either Pawn or Queen, and there are many similar defects.

T RYDER (Warrington). —We cannot interfere in such a matter.

J D PAUL. —Your problem shall receive due attention.

P DALY (Brighton) and T M KENNY (Dublin). —Problems received, with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3052 and 3053 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3057 from Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), J F Moon, Eugene Henry Nunhead, and Albert Wolff (Putney); of No. 3058 from T Roberts, A G (Pancsova), Eugene Henry, Thos M Eglinton (Birmingham), Albert Wolff, Sorrento, H S Brandreth (Cannes), J J M (Clifton), and H Le Jeune; of 3059 from F B (Worthing), Brasserie Phocéenne (Marseilles), Eugene Henry, H S Brandreth (Cannes), Thomas M Eglinton, Albert Wolff, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), Edith Corser (Reigate), Joseph Cook, George H Kelland (Jersey), Leo H Wynch, H Le Jeune, and T Roberts.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3060 received from Joseph Cook, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), J W (Campsie), Charles Burnett, J J M (Clifton), J D Tucker (Ilkley), W M Eglinton (Birmingham), Reginald Gordon, Sorrento, F J S (Hampstead), F B (Worthing), T Roberts, A Belcher (Wycombe), Shadforth, R Worters (Canterbury), Lieutenant-Colonel P J Damania, George H Kelland (Jersey), Martin F, H S Brandreth (Cannes), R H Reynolds (Manchester), G Bakker (Rotterdam), W D Easton (Sunderland), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and E Fear Hill (Trowbridge).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3059.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

## WHITE.

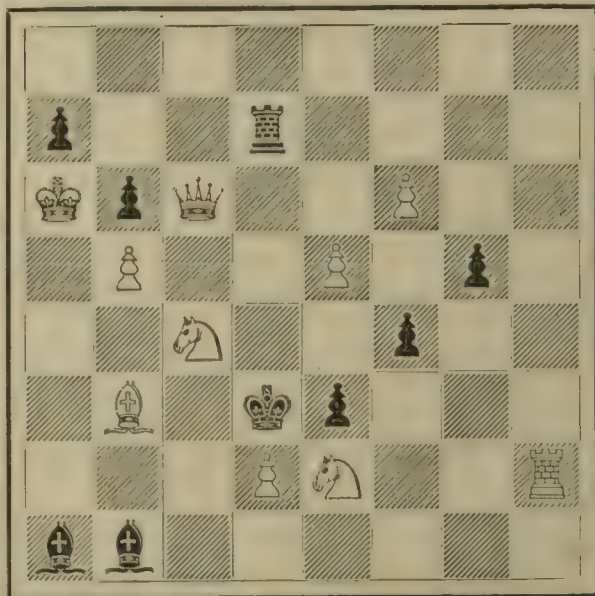
1. Q to B 6th
2. Kt to K 7th (dis ch)
3. Kt mates.

## BLACK.

- B takes Q
- Any move

## PROBLEM No. 3062.—By H. E. KIDSON.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN BRADFORD.

Game played between Messrs. I. M. BROWN and G. HOWITT in consultation, and Mr. F. J. MARSHALL.

(Falkbeer Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Allies).	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Allies).	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	16. P to B 3rd	
3. P takes Q P	P to K 5th		
This Pawn is very troublesome to White, and hinders his King's side development.			
4. B to Kt 5th (ch)		17. Kt to Q 4th	Q R to K sq
A novelty which does not prove good. Kt to Q B 3rd is better, but Black's King's Pawn is not easily disposed of.			
5. P takes P	P to B 3rd	18. Q to Kt 4th	K R to B sq
6. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	19. Q to Q 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq
7. B takes P (ch)	K to B sq	20. Kt to K 6th	R takes Kt
8. B takes Kt	Q to Q 5th	A forced sacrifice, but perfectly sound. Black conducts the game with his customary vigour.	
9. Q to K 2nd	B to R 3rd	21. Q takes R (ch)	K to R sq
10. Q to K 3rd	Q to Q 3rd	22. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to B 5th
11. Q to K Kt 3rd	R takes B	23. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to B 3rd
12. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	24. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to Q 4th
13. K Kt to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	25. Q to Kt 5th	Q to B 6th
14. Kt to R 4th	Kt to Q 4th	White resigns.	

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played by correspondence between Messrs. J. SYBIN and H. BREEDER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Kt P takes B, with the further threat of R to K Kt sq, etc.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. K to R sq	P to K R 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	21. Q to Kt 3rd	R to R 2nd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	22. Q to K 3rd	P to K B 3rd
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	23. B to Kt 8th	R to Kt 2nd
6. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd	24. Q to Kt 3rd	K to K 2nd
7. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	White threatened to play the disagreeable move B to K 6th. Black also frees his game by this simple move.	
8. P takes P	P takes P	25. B to Q 5th	P to B 5th
9. B to Kt 3rd	B to Q 3rd	26. R to K Kt sq	P takes B
10. B to Kt 5th	P to R 3rd	27. P takes P	R to R 2nd
11. B to K R 4th	P to Kt 4th	28. R to Kt 2nd	Q R to K R sq
12. B to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 5th	29. Q R to Q 2nd	Q to B sq
13. Q to B 3rd	B takes Kt	30. B to B 6th	Q to K 3rd
14. P takes B	Kt to K 2nd	31. R to Q 5th	R to Q Kt sq
15. Q R to Q sq	Q to Q 2nd	32. P to B 4th	R to Kt 3rd
16. Kt to Q 5th	K Kt takes Kt	33. P takes P	P takes P
17. B takes Kt	R to Q sq	34. Q to B 2nd	R to R sq
18. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	It will be found that White is hopelessly situated, and has no good move left.	
19. Q to B 3rd	R to B 6th		

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## FREDERICK TEMPLE.

"The most frightful enormity that had ever been perpetrated by a Prime Minister." That was the verdict of Pusey upon the appointment of Frederick Temple to the see of Exeter in the year 1869. Yet the Christmas week of 1902 found the whole Church—indeed, the whole public—deploring the loss of that same Frederick Temple, and rather ashamed to recall the bitter hostility with which his first great preferment in the Church was greeted.

Born at Santa Maura, in the Ionian Isles, on Nov. 30, 1821, Frederick Temple returned home with his family to England at the beginning of the 'thirties. Though his father had held an appointment under the Foreign Office, the family circumstances were small. Temple himself, addressing the working men's meeting at the Church Congress of 1897, explained that his own early experiences had been marked by a good deal of hardship. He had learnt how to do ordinary farmwork, to thresh and to plough; he had known what it was to be stinted in food and firing; and from an unusually early age for a prelate he had earned his own living. His school was Blundell's, Tiverton, the Eton of the West. In after years he recalled for a younger generation some of his juvenile experiences, and even treated a delighted audience to some account of his first fight. From Blundell's he went with a scholarship to Balliol, Oxford, a college which had not then the reputation it afterwards won, but was already beginning to earn it. It was a wonderfully fruitful period for Oxford. Among the younger men at Balliol and elsewhere were worthies so various in their after achievements as A. P. Stanley, John Ruskin, A. H. Clough, J. D. Coleridge, B. Jowett, R. W. Church, J. A. Froude, and "Hang Theology" Rogers. Temple took a double first in 1842, and in due time became both Fellow and Tutor of his College. It has been sometimes wondered that he was untouched by the brilliant men then making the Oxford Movement; but his early training had been Evangelical, and the bent of his mind was towards a wider theology, not towards a narrowing ecclesiasticism. He admired the goodness and power of Newman and his fellows, but was unmoved by their teaching. He was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford in 1846, when Wilberforce made the following note in his diary: "Among the candidates was a dark young man named Temple, of striking appearance, who is likely to make his mark." Temple early had views on Education, and his sympathy with Liberalism led to his being, in 1848, appointed Principal of Kneller Hall, which had been established as a training college. There are still some who recall his kindness to the men under his care, and the bachelor Principal's love of children.

Leaving Kneller Hall, he served for three years as an Inspector of Schools, and then, in 1858, came the turning-point of his life. Temple was no longer quite a young man, but when he was chosen to succeed Goulburn as Head Master of Rugby he began what was virtually a new career. It was there that Benson, as an Assistant Master, learned to love the chief whom he afterwards passed in the race for the Primacy. It was there that what may be called the Temple legend began surely to form—the legend we mean which connects with his name all sorts of caustic yet sometimes humorous comments or answers. He was a successful Head Master, and enormously increased his own reputation. His one mistake—from the point of view of his advancement—a point of view he never himself would occupy—was taking a share in "Essays and Reviews." His own essay was harmless; but he would not (until made a Bishop) renounce his connection with the book, and, as a result, he was almost as bitterly persecuted as the bolder essayists. When in 1869 he was offered the see of Exeter, the storm burst with almost incredible fury. The country, ecclesiastically speaking, was up against him. Pulpit cried to pulpit and platform to platform. Ritualists and Low Churchmen found an unexpected bond of union. His election was opposed; his Confirmation was opposed; the obstruction was even carried to Westminster Abbey on the morning of the consecration. And the object of it was the man whom we are all now mourning.

Temple soon won his way at Exeter. So successful was he that when the quiet, in truth rather commonplace, John Jackson died, there was no surprise felt at Temple being brought up to London to succeed him. That he made there a popular Bishop everybody knows, but he curiously disappointed some expectations. When Bishop Creighton came into office, it was to find that the practice of extreme ritual had been allowed to go unchecked, and the task of seeking to curb it while a popular agitation went on was rendered extremely perplexing by the toleration Temple had practised. The Bishop challenged public opinion on one or two other points, but never lost his hold upon the general confidence of the vast majority of Churchmen. His succession to Benson in the Primacy was regarded as an appointment specially made in view of the Education problem—and perhaps also to avoid other claims which it was thought time might settle. Temple's endeavour to promote a peaceful settlement of the ritual difficulties by setting up a quasi-court at Lambeth proved a failure, and he left the controversy in effect very much where he found it. His interest in the Temperance question was lifelong; his advocacy of foreign missions gave a new impetus to the cause. Towards the end of his life his theology seemed to resolve itself into the simpler elements of the Gospel, and his sermons were of the plainest character. Yet whether in the pulpit or on the platform, he spoke with so much earnestness that men always listened. He had a harsh, unpleasing voice and a rural accent, but he would have commanded attention anywhere. In his private life he was plain and unpretending to the last degree. Reserved in manner, he could unbend upon occasion, and, despite his abruptness, he liked men to speak their minds before him. Anybody can tell a dozen good stories of his characteristic comments, and it is not unlikely that one of the kindest of men will long be remembered by a few harsh sayings.





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## LADIES' PAGES.

Now that the Education Act has passed through both Houses, we can take stock of the change which it has produced in the civic position of women. It is undoubtedly a considerable and a detrimental one. The School Boards of the great cities were by far the most important bodies for which women were available as representatives to be elected by the community. This position has been taken away from them, and that admittedly not from any fault or failing on the part of women who have served upon School Boards in the past, but as a mere incident in the general alterations produced by this Act in the method of managing State-aided education. Henceforth the Educational Committees are to be indirectly elected—that is to say, they are to be formed by the choice of members of county councils, who are themselves elected by the ratepayers. But women are not eligible at present to be elected to town councils; and therefore in future no woman can present herself to be returned by public vote to aid in the management of education. On the other hand, the debates on the Bill have given the most satisfactory testimony, without a dissenting voice, to the value of the presence of women on the Boards managing education; and the House of Commons decided, without even a division, to add to the Bill a distinct clause stating that women shall not only be eligible to sit, but that at least one woman *must* be placed by the county councils upon every Committee of Education. Of course, women are electors too for the county councils, by whom the new Committees of Education are to be appointed.

Travelling in England is by no means so comfortable as it is in the United States, and I am inclined to think that it never can be, because of the narrow gauge of our railways, which does not allow room for the free passage along the middle of the train, and also for the comfortable swinging arm-chairs on each side of the passage of the American "parlour-car." Even our trains built to some extent upon the American model are in every respect so inferior that a journey of four or five hours in one here is more of an ordeal than an entire day spent in the cars on the other side of the water. The advantage is not only in the width of the American car, and therefore the greater freedom of movement, but in every detail. The American trains are warmed throughout very comfortably—excessively for those people who insist upon keeping on wraps, but just agreeably if cloaks are laid aside, and one is dressed as for a snugly kept drawing-room in regard to temperature. Much has been done of late years in this country for the ease of the traveller, and the acme of elaborate comfort has been achieved by the London and North-Western Railway Company in its special saloons for the King's use. The royal saloons are provided with tables and luxurious arm-chairs and settees, beds and toilet apparatus of adequate



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size; and with electric lamps, electric cigar-lighters, electric cooking apparatus, and effective arrangements for heating by electricity in cold weather and cooling by electric fans in hot weather. The decorations have been carried out in their usual superb and artistic manner by Messrs. Waring.

It is to be hoped that it is not true that the Queen of Portugal is seriously threatened with consumption. Her Majesty (one of the handsome daughters of the late Comte de Paris) is certainly one of the most interesting of the royal ladies of Europe. She is very tall and stately and beautiful; but this is not so remarkable as her intellectual acquirements, for the Queen has taken a complete course of medical study in Paris, working in the wards, dressing the wounds, and attending to the sick like any ordinary student; and, moreover, she holds a medal for saving life from drowning, having swum out into the sea to the rescue of a man in peril, and brought him safely to land. Religious troubles are said to have disturbed the even tenor of her path, but it is to be hoped that the health of so interesting a royal lady has not been seriously affected, and that the South of France may set her up again.

Our own Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, that sister whom the King touchingly described at her death as "so good, so kind, so clever," is the only other royal lady of whom I have ever heard who studied medicine. The Princess wrote to her mother, Queen Victoria: "I have read and studied about the human body; about children, their treatment, etc. It interests me immensely; besides, it is always useful to know such things. . . . I know you don't like these things. . . . Instead of finding it disgusting, it only fills me with admiration to see how wonderfully we are made." The good Princess was unconsciously preparing for future service; for Princess Alice carried her medical knowledge into use, notably in the wars in which her adopted country was engaged. During the Franco-German War especially, the Darmstadt hospitals were organised under her personal direction, and she herself was in them with the wounded, sometimes five hundred in number, through the greater part of many days, so that she had to say, "I can neither see nor smell anything else but wounds." In peaceful times she was wont to visit *incog.*—attended by only one lady—the poor women whose names were on her maternity charity, giving them her own personal attention and nursing. She tells how she "cooked something for the woman, arranged her bed a little, took her baby and bathed its eyes—for they were so bad, poor little thing!—and did odds and ends for her." This sort of personal work in the more beaten ways of charity was besides the services that she performed in aid of the intellectual and industrial advance of the women of her adopted country. How tenderly her memory is still regarded there was shown a few weeks ago by the unveiling of a memorial subscribed for "by women, to a noble, never-to-be-forgotten woman." Upon a

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slender obelisk there appears a portrait of the late Grand Duchess in gilded bronze; it is supported by four female figures hewn out of marble.

Queen Victoria, as most of my readers will be aware, is to be commemorated by her women subjects specially by means of a subscription to aid the Queen Victoria Nursing Institute to extend its work. This charity places nurses, fully trained and carefully selected, in all the poor districts of towns (so far as funds admit), to visit and relieve the sick poor in their homes. Established by Queen Victoria with the £70,000 presented to her on her first Jubilee by "the daughters of her Empire," it is now expected to obtain an equal amount from the free-will offerings of women to the memory of the great Queen. The fund was closed at the end of the year, and it is understood that the full amount has been received that was hoped.

A little originality has appeared in bridesmaids' gifts lately. Captain Chawner, of the Essex Regiment, gave his bride's four maids, besides shower-bouquets of creamy-hearted roses, scarlet geraniums, and lilies-of-the-valley, gold brooches bearing the uncommon and interesting badge of his regiment—the Sphinx, Castle and Key of Gibraltar. A present too fine for frequent imitation was that of Major the Hon. H. Yarde-Buller, who presented his bride's two little nieces, who attended her, with large sable muffs of "Granny" shape, and with gold muff-chains upon which to support them. The little girls carried these muffs at the ceremony, harmonising with their quaint long frocks of white satin, tied close under the arms with sashes of pale blue, and wide hats of pale-blue beaver felt, trimmed with a large white ostrich feather drooping over the brim. The bride in this case (who was a daughter of Colonel Meeking) had a specially striking dress for her going away, as it was finished with a deep flounce of grey squirrel, the material being a biscuit-coloured cloth.

Bridesmaids at present are frequently seen carrying muffs instead of bouquets, a bunch of flowers being generally fastened on to the front. The muffs are sometimes of fur and sometimes of velvet and chiffon to harmonise with the colours of the costume. At a white wedding the bridesmaids were in dresses of ivory cloth, with collars of lace edged with ermine, and white picture-hats trimmed with ermine, lace, and ostrich plumes, and the muffs were of ermine adorned with bunches of gardenias and maiden-hair fern. At another smart wedding blue was the colour chosen for the bridesmaids, in the form of sapphire velvet Louis XV. coats, three-quarter length, over dresses of white cashmere; and their muffs were of blue velvet and brown chiffon with bouquets of violets and lilies-of-the-valley fastened upon the muffs. The hats were blue velvet trimmed with white ostrich-tips, and with brown chiffon scarves, the ends of the latter falling down the back and fringed with chenille.



AN ARTISTIC TEA-GOWN.

Brides' mothers very generally wear white lace dresses at present; either Irish crochet or heavy guipure, laid over chiffon, for choice. This is only suitable when the bride's mother is herself still young-looking, however; more stately matronly ladies find velvet most desirable, especially now, when it can be so well relieved with folded or full vest and under-sleeves of fine lace. Lady St. Leonards, at her daughter's wedding a few weeks ago, wore sapphire-blue velvet spotted with white, trimmed with paler blue panne, with a vest of lace and collar of delicate tinted embroidery; together with a picture-hat of sapphire-blue gathered panne trimmed with ostrich-feathers of the same colour, and jet crescents. Pale mauve velvet commended itself to another lady in this position; it was inserted with black lace over mauve chiffon on the skirt, and had a vest of black lace powdered with silver embroideries, and a deep belt of black satin embroidered in silver. Dark green velvet with chinchilla was another smart combination. Some brides lately have carried ivory-bound Prayer-books instead of flowers; but certainly the bouquet is a great loss from the *tout ensemble*.

Artificial flowers, that have been so little seen for several years upon evening dresses, are now very *à la mode*. Some quite huge blossoms are made for the corsage, with trails of similar but smaller flowers and buds, together with the appropriate foliage, arranged to carry down the bodice from the bust to the waist, and then round the waist to form a girdle. Not all flowers are suitable for reproduction in this material, but tulips, edelweiss, and dahlias come out very well. Chiffon flowers are effective in reproducing some blossoms, and are greatly used for trimmings upon lace dresses and other fragile materials. These flowers are never full-petalled or projecting ones, but lie rather flatly against the material which they adorn. Some most elaborate floral garnitures are designed in shapes for evening dresses. For instance, there will be a piece to go right round the edge of the low-cut bodice, two straps pass from thence to the waist both at the front and at the back, and for the skirt a wide band of blossoms to go round is provided, with pointed pieces rising up thence to meet at the waist the downward points on the bodice.

Our Illustrations show in the first place a ball-dress of pale-pink chiffon and black velvet of the new fashionable length, not with a long train; and in the second place an artistic tea-gown of velvet and chiffon, trimmed with bead passementerie.—FILOMENA.

## The Great Annual opportunity

to secure every description of House Furnishings of the highest class at Clearance prices will, as usual, be afforded at

# HAMPTONS

during the first three weeks of January (1st to 24th), 1903.

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THE - - -  
National Waifs' Association  
(otherwise known as  
DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES)

**T** HERE are at present sheltered in these Homes 6,180 Homeless and Destitute Waifs, over 1,200 of whom are Incurables, little Cripples, or Helpless Infants. For 36 years we have never closed our doors in the face of any really destitute applicant.

Will not every kind heart pity Little Children who are in so sad a case during this happy Xmas-tide, and send some help?

*Dr. Barnardo.*  
Founder and Director.

18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY,  
LONDON, E.

*George Code*  
Honorary Secretary.





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OXFORD STREET.

Substantial  
Reductions.

## Winter Sale

NOW  
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USEFUL BLOUSE  
Of Fancy Muslin, in all  
colours.  
Sale Price, £/11.



DRESSY SPOT FLANNEL BLOUSE.

In a variety of colours, strapped Glacé  
Silk and Open-work Stitch, transparent  
Lace Vest and Cuffs.

Sale Price, 21/-; Usual Price, 38/6.

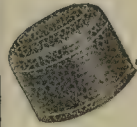


PRETTY COFFEE COATEE.

Made in every shade of tucked Glacé Silk, with  
alternate rows of transparent Lace Insertion, latest  
novelty, to be worn over Slips.

Sale Price, 21/9; Usual Price, 39/6.

# WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



## Rich Creamy Lather.

IN its great thick, close, creamy  
lather, Williams' Shaving Stick  
is incomparably ahead of all others.

This lather not only penetrates  
and softens the beard as no other will, but it is wonder-  
fully soothing and healing. It imparts a velvety softness  
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Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt  
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Williams' Shaving Sticks, 1s.

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(Trial Size) of Williams' Shaving Stick, 4d. Trial Tablet Williams' Shaving Soap for 1d. stamp by addressing  
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 65 Gt. Russell St., LONDON, W. C.; 161 Clarence St., SYDNEY.

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For the preparation of delicious soups and  
light nourishing entrees, there is nothing so  
useful and economical as Lemco.

One ounce of Lemco goes as far in the  
kitchen as two pounds of lean gravy beef.

The Liebig Company's initials LEMCO are placed on every wrapper and jar to protect you from substitutes.



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THE VENEZUELAN BLOCKADE: CIUDAD BOLIVAR (ANGOSTURA), ONE OF THE PORTS NOW CLOSED BY THE ALLIED FLEETS.

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. W. BOURCHIER.

Ciudad Bolívar, better known as Angostura, famous for its bitters, is situated on the Orinoco. H.M.S. "Fantome" went aground lower down the river.

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Absolutely Unique  
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**4/9** per 100;  
**1/3** per 25.

—Absolutely Unique in Quality—

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Sold by all good-class Tobacconists and Stores.

If any difficulty in obtaining supply in any part of the world (with exception of those countries where Government monopoly exists), communicate direct with—

Manufacturers: **ARDATH TOBACCO COMPANY, LONDON, E.C.**

**ASTORIAS**

(Billiard-room Size):

**6/6** per 100;

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Leveson's Bath Chairs and Invalids' Chairs have been ordered by His Majesty's Government for the use of the Invalid Soldiers from the War.

## LEVESON'S INVALID CHAIRS & CARRIAGES.

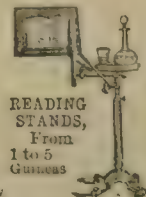
(Established 1849.)



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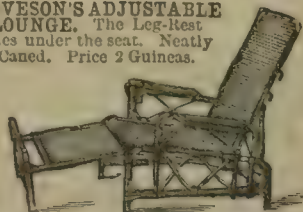


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SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR CHILDREN & ADULTS.



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BATH-CHAIRS, WITH HOOD AND WINDOW.



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THE "STANHOPE" CAR, for a Child to Sit up or Lie Down.



THE "CANOE," on Cec Spring, in White or Light Tan Colour.

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# "Capsicum-Vaseline"

has superseded Mustard Plasters, Liniments, and Embrocations in every up-to-date household.

While affording equal relief, it does not entail the discomfort and pain of a plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. Always ready for use.

It is a Specific for Coughs, Colds, Swollen Glands, Sore Throats, Toothache, Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and should be used whenever a Plaster is needed.

Sold in Collapsible Tubes only. One Tube equal to many Plasters.

If not obtainable locally, POST FREE on receipt of P.O. for 1/11 by the CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING Co., 42, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

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Now Ready. A PICTURE GALLERY for ONE SHILLING Honestly Worth a Guinea.

## PEARS' ANNUAL

Christmas · 1902.

Containing an Old-Fashioned Romance, entitled

### MERRICHILD'S MILLION,

By R. E. FRANCILLON.

With 22 Illustrations in Black and White by FRANK DADD, R.L.

In Handsome COLOURED COVER. With the above are

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You need it daily.



Three Sizes,  
Plain, 10/6,  
16/6, 25/-.  
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30/- to £20, post free.

Send sample steel pen or handwriting when ordering.

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PORTABLE POOL AND BILLIARD TABLE

**Burrows**

FOR HOME PLAYING. 4' Guineas to 9 Guineas  
Billiards, Pool, Balletto, Tenpins, etc. 21 Games—Use in any room  
SIZES, 5, 6, 6½, AND 7 FEET. WEIGHT, 30 TO 70 POUNDS

**AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT**

Recently improved. Place on dining or library table, or on our folding stand; set away in closet or behind door. Rich mahogany frame, with bed of patent laminated wood, steel braced; the only bed that will remain perfectly level under all conditions; green broadcloth cover; best rubber and steel cushions, regular pockets with pocket covers, 16 finest balls, 4 cues; 40 implements gratis. Sent on trial.

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Economic,  
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Thirteen  
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# LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES

Delicious Soups are quickly and easily prepared with  
**LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES**, which are unsurpassed for quality and flavour. Their use reduces both trouble and cost to a minimum.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated Aug. 28, 1902) of Mr. John Hodgson, of Nocton Hall, Lincoln, who died on Aug. 29, were proved on Dec. 10 by George Edgar Hodgson, John Howard Craven Hodgson, and Joseph Craven Stanley Hodgson, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £142,408. The testator bequeaths £15,000 each, in trust, for his daughters, Annie Craven Hodgson and Gertrude Helen Hodgson; £22,000 to his son John Howard Craven; £27,000 each to his sons, George Edgar, Joseph Craven Stanley, Malcolm Elliot, and Norman; and the use of his household furniture, etc., to his wife during her widowhood; and he makes no further provision for her, she being otherwise provided for. Subject thereto, he gives such furniture to his sons, and the ultimate residue of his property between all his children.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1902) of Mr. Edwin Richardson, J.P., D.L., of The Cedars, Sunderland, who died on Sept. 23, has been proved by Mrs. Emma Phillips Richardson, the widow, Frederic Littleboy, the nephew, and George Hiff Simey, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £119,572. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his wife; £1000 to his nephew, Frederic Littleboy; £1000 to his niece, Sophia Mary Littleboy; £2000

to Teresa Walker; £1000 to the Sunderland Infirmary; and £500 to the Vicar of Christ Church, Sunderland, for charitable purposes. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then he further bequeaths £1000 each to his nephews, Charles and Frederic Littleboy; £500 to the children of his brother Stansfield; £500 each to John Stafford Stringer and Mary Helen Stringer; and £1000 to Alice Mary Walker. The ultimate residue he leaves as to one sixth each to his nephews, Frederick Harris Richardson and Frederic Littleboy, and to his niece, Sophie Littleboy; one fourth to his nieces, Mary Sophia Crawford and Alice Maria Richardson; and one fourth to Robert, Frank, John Stansfield, Katherine, Juliet, and Edith Gaynor.

The will (dated April 17, 1890), with a codicil (dated July 24, 1894), of Mr. Charles Evan-Thomas, J.P., D.L., of Groll, Neath, Glamorgan, who died on Aug. 15 at 17, The Boltons, S.W., was proved on Dec. 22 by Mrs. Caroline Evan-Thomas, the widow, Algernon Evan-Thomas, and Edmund Lyons Evan-Thomas, the sons, the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £108,390. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the furniture and effects, and the income for life from the residue of his property, to his wife. On her decease he

devises his lands and premises and real estate in Brecon to his son Algernon; and he gives such a sum as with what is settled on her will make up £9000 for his daughter Mrs. Cara Mary Sparrow, his other daughter, Catherine Alicia, wife of Canon Dalton, being already provided for. The ultimate residue is to be divided into eleven parts, one for his son Algernon, and two each for his sons Edmund Lyons, Owen Grant, Charles Henry, Hugh Evan, and Llewellyn.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1899) of Mr. Thomas Hugh Rice Hughes, J.P., D.L., M.F.H., of Neuaddfawr, Lampeter, Cardigan, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Dec. 16 by Mrs. Alice Mabel Hughes, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £40,755. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The International Sleeping-Car Company announces that, on account of the heavy traffic to the Riviera, it will, on and from Jan. 5, run the Calais-Mediterranean express daily instead of four times a week as at present. This train-de-luxe will continue to correspond with the 9 a.m. Tickets must be taken in advance at the company's offices, 20, Cockspur Street, S.W.

# Complete Treatment FOR EVERY Humour

Price, 4s. 6d.

CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

## MILLIONS USE

CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itches, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odourless, economical substitute for the celebrated liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. In screw-cap vials, containing 60 doses, price, 1s. 1½d.

Sold throughout the world. SOAP, 1s., OINTMENT, 2s. 6d., PILLS, 1s. 1½d. The Set, 4s. 6d., postpaid, by F. NEWBERRY & SONS, British Depot, 27-28, Charterhouse Sq., London. French Depot: 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. POWER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston.

## HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases.  
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair  
savers.

WAVERS

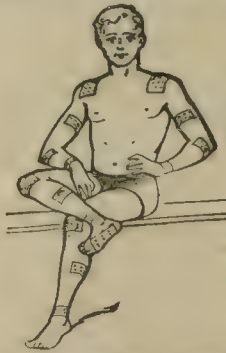
## Established 1847, Allcock's POROUS PLASTERS

Are a universal remedy for Pains in the Back (so frequent in the case of women). They give instantaneous relief. Wherever there is a pain apply a plaster.

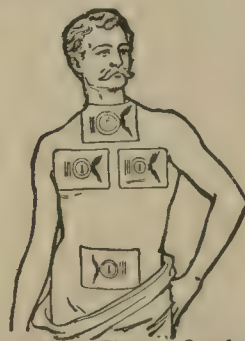
## DIRECTIONS FOR USE.



For Pains in the region of the Kidneys, or for a Weak Back the plaster should be applied as shown above. Wherever there is pain apply Allcock's Plaster.



For Rheumatism or Pains in Shoulders, Elbows or elsewhere, or for Sprains, Stiffness etc. and for Aching Feet cut plaster size and shape required and apply to part affected as shown above.



For Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, for Weak Lungs, and for painful and sensitive parts of the abdomen, apply as indicated.

**Rheumatism, Colds, Coughs, Weak Chest, Weak Back Lumbago, Sciatica, etc., etc.**

Allcock's Plasters are superior to all other plasters. They have been in use since 1847.

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relieve immediately by preventing pressure and cure within a short time by extracting the corn.

## Brandreth Pills

cure constipation, indigestion, liver and kidney affections, headaches with nausea and depressed temper caused by bilious sufferings

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SANITARY, ABSORBENT, ANTISEPTIC and of DOWNY SOFTNESS.

## THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

IN PACKETS containing one dozen, from 6d. to 2s. each. From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists. A Sample Packet containing three size 0, and one each size 1, 2 & 4 Towels will be sent post free for eight stamps on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, BIRMINGHAM. Southalls' Sanitary Sheets (for Accouchement) in three sizes, 1/-, 2/-, & 2/6 each.

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The Hon. Mrs. GORDON writes—

"The Hon. Mrs. Gordon has derived much benefit from 'TATCHO'."

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If you are desirous of experiencing the same benefit as the users whose letters are quoted in this announcement, you can do so by availing yourself of one of the

Full-size 4/6 Trial Bottles, carriage paid, for 1/10, CONTAINING ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY.

"TATCHO" must not be confounded with what are commonly known as simple dressings "for the hair."

"TATCHO" is for the lack of hair.

"TATCHO" is odourless, and is NEITHER GREASY NOR STICKY.

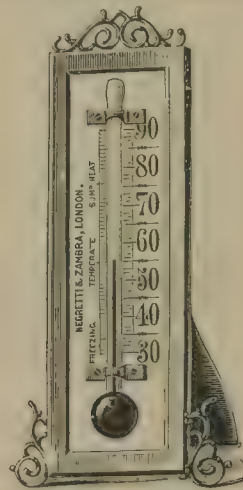
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## NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S BAROMETERS & THERMOMETERS

Of Guaranteed Accuracy.



Sterling Silver-Mounted THERMOMETERS, with OPAL GLASS SCALES, 18/6 and 25/- each. "Special" Illustrated Price List of Instruments suitable for Presents free by post to all parts of the World.

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The age and genuineness of this Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by Certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

Obtainable throughout the World.

## FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the Best LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.

Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.

Is perfectly harmless, and

Delicious to the Taste.

Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet

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Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world.

2s. 6d. per bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,

Put up in glass jars, price 1s.

Prepared only by THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., Ltd.,

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Cocoa Economy—One pound of Suchard's Cocoa yields from 100 to 125 cups of good, aromatic, and delicious Cocoa, and only costs 9d. per 1-lb. tin, 1s. 6d. per 1-lb. tin, or 2s. 10d. per 2-lb. tin.

# CHOCOLAT SUCHARD

## Plain Chocolate in Tablets.

BREAKFAST, FINE, SURFINE, & EXTRA FINE For Cooking, Icing, or Drinking.

RUBY, FONDANT, DESSERT, A LA VANILLE. Are exquisitely smooth Eating Chocolates.

## "Milka," Full-Cream

(HELIOTROPE & GOLD WRAPPER.)

A Blend of Suchard's unrivalled Chocolate with genuine Swiss Cream and Milk. A choice Confection and valuable Food.

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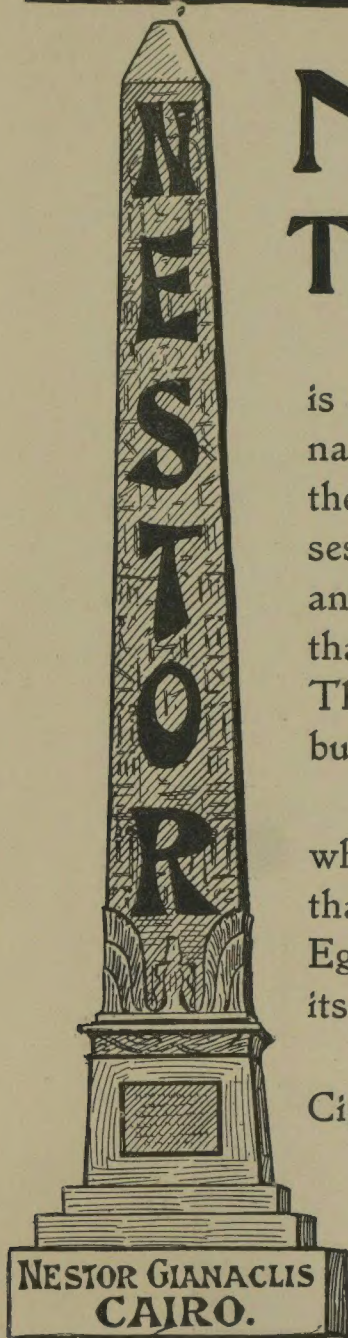
(REGISTERED). In 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. boxes.

Deliciously flavoured bon-bons—boat-shaped, each piece wrapped in silver paper, with name on.

PARIS, 1900. GRAND PRIX. HIGHEST AWARD.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.





## NESTOR: THE EGYPTIAN

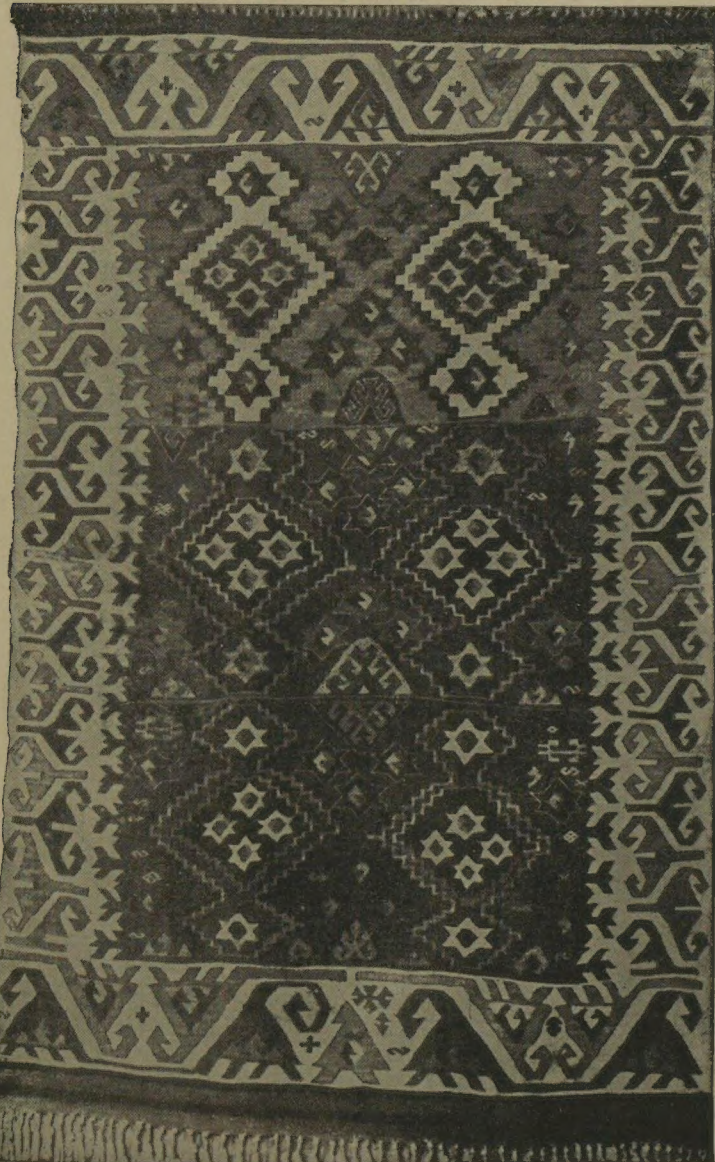
is not the title of a novel, but the name of an Egyptian Cigarette—the famous “Nestor,” that possesses the most exquisite flavour, and gives the subtle, dreamy aroma that Cleopatra would have loved. This is no prosy Virginia weed, but the sweet poetry of tobacco.

It is beloved of the Moderns, whose delight is the true “Nestor,” that bears the stamp of the Egyptian Government to prove its genuineness.

“Nestor,” the famous Egyptian Cigarette, is obtainable of all tobacconists throughout the world, and at 10, New Bond Street, London, W.

## NAMAZY KELIMS Direct from CONSTANTINOPLE.

TRELOAR & SONS have just received a shipment of Carpets and Floor Rugs, purchased by a member of the firm in Constantinople and Asia Minor. The shipment includes many interesting Antiques, quite exceptional in value. They are offered at comparatively low prices, as there are no intermediate profits, the goods coming as they do direct from the Collectors to Ludgate Hill.



Antique Koula Rugs.  
Rarities.

Fine Kazaks.  
Thick Pile.

Old Daghestans.  
Mellowed in Colour.

Shirvans.  
Fine Selection.

Anatolian Kelims.  
Used also as Portières.

Namazy Kelims.  
As shown in illustration.

Somacs.  
Close Textures.

Mosque and Prayer  
Rugs.  
Fine Examples.

Bokhara Rugs.  
Artistic.

Shipments of Turkey,  
Persian, and Indian  
Carpets are also  
delivered to our  
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three times every  
week.

Any Carpet sent on  
approbation to approved  
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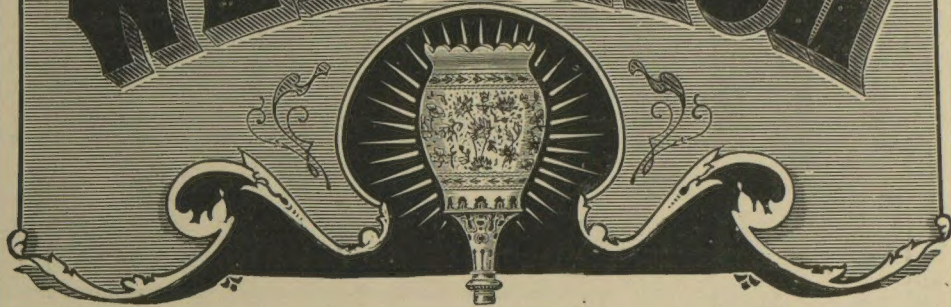
CATALOGUES,  
ESTIMATES, and  
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### Perfection in lighting

Is attained in the improved Welsbach Lamp. Its light is brilliant, yet soft; it burns steadily, is cleanly, most economical, and perfectly safe. The air in rooms lighted with Welsbach is pure and not over-heated, because there are no noxious fumes, and very little gas is burned.

The Welsbach light is a perfect light, making the home bright and cheery, giving reading comfort from every corner, and withal, saving pounds on the winter's gas bill.

The genuine Welsbach mantles and burners are now sold at reduced prices by all Gasfitters, Stores, Ironmongers, &c.—Mantles, 6d.; Burner complete, from 2s.

Lamps in many styles for in-door or out-door lighting.

*Refuse substitutes for Welsbach.*

## SPECIAL NEW WARE. SOLID PURE (98/99%) NICKEL TABLE AND KITCHEN UTENSILS.

Nickel is the Cleanest and Purest Metal. Nothing to wear off, as in the case of ordinary plated goods. Everlasting Wear. Cooking Utensils our Great Speciality. Made either in Solid Nickel, or with a Copper Exterior (by Dr. FLEITMANN'S ROLLING PROCESS).

### No Re-Tinning Ever Required.



Every article bears our  
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To be Purchased of  
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If any difficulty, write for Catalogue and Name of nearest Agent.

**WESTPHALIAN NICKEL ROLLING MILLS,**  
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## “Berkefeld” Filters.

In use in all the leading  
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Should any difficulty be experienced in getting these Filters fixed we will send our own Plumbers to fix them at cost price.



This Illustration shows Filter (H) fitted to ordinary household service pipe over sink.

HOUSE FILTER (H), 30s.  
Smaller size (F), 22s. 6d.

Dr. Andrew Wilson reports: “The Filters sold by the Berkefeld Filter Company, Limited, London, W., remove all germs from water. They are thoroughly reliable appliances; they realise the ideal of the sanitarian's definition of a true filter—one which will yield a germ-free supply of water.”

Illustrated Price List Free on application to

**THE BERKEFELD FILTER Co., Ltd.**  
121, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archdeacon Sinclair has been visiting Norwich, and preached in the Cathedral to an immense congregation at the special Sunday evening service in the nave. These services are exceedingly popular in the city, and noted preachers may frequently be heard at them.

Canon McCormick is delivering a very successful series of sermons on "The Pilgrim's Progress" on Sunday evenings at St. James's, Piccadilly. The subject appears so far to have been particularly attractive to the young people in the neighbourhood, who have attended the church in large numbers.

The beautiful old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, has been adorned with a new stained-glass window in memory of Mrs. Randall, widow of Arch-

deacon Randall, who was for fourteen or fifteen years Vicar of the church. The window was unveiled on the Saturday before Christmas by the Bishop of Bristol, who referred to the singularly interesting history of St. Mary's, one of the great historical sanctuaries of Western England. Mrs. Randall's daughter is the wife of another past Vicar, Canon Cornish, who is at present Bishop of Grahamstown.

I saw the late Dean of Winchester for the last time at the Alfred Celebration, which was held in the city in September 1901. He and Mr. Mayor Bowker, another victim of the dreadful typhoid epidemic, took a prominent part in the day's proceedings. Eminent men were present from all parts of the world, and the ceremony of unveiling the statue was performed by the Earl of Rosebery. The weather was stormy, and rain fell

heavily during the afternoon; but the ancient city was brilliantly decorated, and those who were present will long remember the hospitable kindness of its civic and cathedral dignitaries.

Strathfieldsaye, the famous seat of the Duke of Wellington near Reading and Basingstoke, is in the market, to be let furnished, with the shooting. The residence, which is of great historical interest, affords a large amount of accommodation so conveniently arranged that it refutes the popular impression that a nobleman's mansion cannot be comfortably occupied by a small family. The sport is first-rate, and the estate extends to some seven thousand acres. The letting of this unique property has been entrusted to Messrs. Hampton and Sons, 1, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

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VINOLIA SOAP will not "bite" the skin even in the worst wintry weather. It is a safe protective and cleansing emollient for the complexion.

4d. A TABLET.

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Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA. Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT. Relieve the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION. Relieve BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH. Clear and give Strength to the VOICE of SINGERS. And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 13d. per Box.

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See that the words "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are on the Government Stamp round each Box, without which none are genuine.

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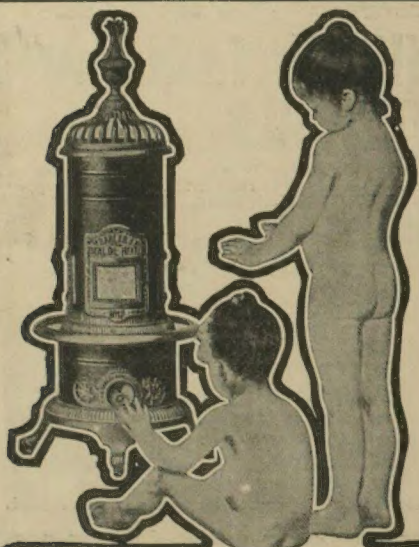
250,000 Pedigrees of English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and Continental families. Library of 2,000 Heraldic and Genealogical Works of Reference; 500 Parish Registers; 300 Foreign Works of all nationalities.

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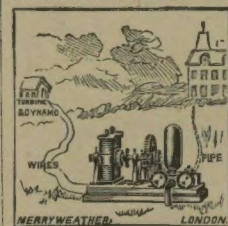
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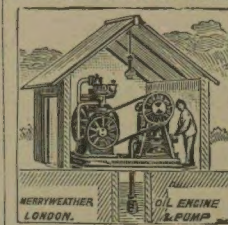
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FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has sustained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST Article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.  
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For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture, &c. Sold in Bottles, 6d. and 2s. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.  
**SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.**  
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Three in a Box, 1s.



They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in five colours.

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## AFTER EFFECTS OF Influenza

An attack of Influenza leaves the human system too weak to stand the strains of ordinary every-day life. It disorganises the digestive organs, and as a natural result it leaves the liver in an unhealthy condition.

The ordinary duty of the liver is to separate the bile from the blood. Bile is necessary to assist the digestion of food, and it also helps the bowels to act regularly. The liver is easily disorganised if anything whatever interferes with its action.

It is quite plain, then, that an attack of Influenza brings about a general debilitated condition of the system, and a tonic is required which will tone up the organs of digestion and the liver to their normal condition. To accomplish this follow the example set by Mrs. C. Strafford, 18, Crawford Street, Meanwood Road, Leeds, who has arrived at the mature age of 63 years. Having suffered from two severe attacks of Influenza her system got completely run down, but after taking a course of Bile Beans for Biliousness she found a speedy and permanent cure. Interviewed by a Leeds journalist, Mrs. Strafford said: "My illness dates four years back, when I was much distressed by a family bereavement. My appetite began to fail me, and I suffered from indigestion. I was attacked by Influenza, which left me in a very weak condition. Pains in the chest and a sense of fulness tortured me, and I had to be very careful what I ate. About last Christmas I had another very severe attack of Influenza, which left me in a still weaker state. I could not sleep at nights, and when I got up on a morning I was troubled with a splitting headache. In fact, I was completely run down. I tried every means I could think of to get cured, but without any success. I obtained medicine from three different doctors, but it did not benefit me. About this time I heard of Bile Beans, and as a last resource I determined to try them. I began to take the Beans and soon found they were doing me good. As I continued with them I grew stronger, and the pain in my chest disappeared. After completing the course of Beans, indigestion and the morning headaches are things of the past, and I am glad to say that I am completely cured, which is due to Bile Beans alone."



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Bile Beans for Biliousness are a certain cure for Headache, Influenza, Constipation, Piles, Liver Trouble, Bad Breath, Rheumatism, Colds, Liver Chills, Indigestion, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Anaemia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Chemists, or post free from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of prices, 1/1½ and 2/9 per box.

**SAMPLE BOX FREE**, on receipt of penny stamp to cover return postage, if this paper is mentioned; address the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., Greek Street, Leeds.

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It dyes the hair a beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black, by merely combing it through.

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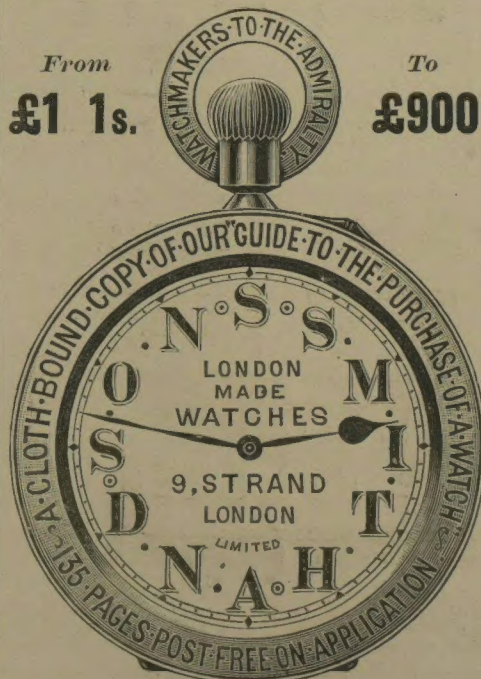
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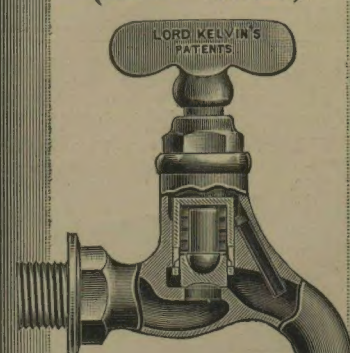


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